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## THE NEW YORK FIREMAN ON THE FIRE ANNIHILATOR.

If yer want to know who I am, I can tell yer just as quick as a fire flash: yer can bet yer life on tha-t!

I runs with Number Sixty: I does, and I sleeps on her pile of hose every night. The machine don't go out to fires unless I go first: and then may be she don't lag!

I never wrote many letters and them wos on Forty's doors to let 'em know that Sixty's men was al around for the target go. But I'm blessed if I hasn't a curiosity to know wots wot about that ere Fire 'Nihilator which the papers are makin' such a muss about and I'm agoing to write one more letter to ask.

I know it's a humbug afore I commence: cause that ere Barnum lays the hose of the whole concern. There's some kind of a Jenny Lind "ketch" about it though, or he wouldn't go in! Maybe he aint coon though! He's around when there's money in the pipe—bet your life on tha-a-t.

I'm cussed if I didn't study over the "Sun" one blessed hour the other day at Pete Suediker's bar-room a-trying to find out wot it was all about. There's a man named Phillips invented it, the Sun said: but now look-a-here where is Phillips anyhow. Ef he's around roil him out for inspection. Where does he keep his machines to put out fire with a stream of smoke gushing through a pipe? Oh g-a-a-a-s! Why don't he bring the 'Nihilator' out and try it on a fire? Ef he'll only try it when Sixty's boys have got their stream on I guess he'll know who's got the strongest play!

It's a brass machine with a brickbat in—the paper said. Now I believe's that ere: I does! Aeos the man Phillips must have had a brick in his hat when he invented it. Prehaps it's the same brick wot he puts into the machines! A brickbat made of nitre and charcoal with some stuff they calls gypsum—with a bottle inside with sugar and potash and vitriol: and when they smash 'em

all up together the gas comes out of the pipe and puts the fire out?

Oh y-n-a-s! Yer better believe I'll swallow that ere humbug!

Wasn't I at fifty fires where there was drug stores a burning? Hav'n't I seen nitre and gypsum, with potash and vitriol, burning together like a stable roof? Don't I know better? Hav'n't I heard of the big jimmyjohn of vitriol which got upstod down in the cellar of that ere store down in Maiden Lane, where Number Thirty played old Three all out of sight? Lordy, how it did burn and phiz!

Talk of charcoal, too! No, you don't! I guess I knows all about charcoal by this time—I does.

I read as how all engines will be worth now will be to put the smoke out and wash the old embers; that this ere gas knocks down flame just as flame used to knock down old Corneel Anderson. And yer may go yer length that flame 'ill mind this ere gas just about as much as Corneel used to mind flame! Now if Mr. Barnum or the Corporation think that I'm a goin' to take the machine to de fi-re to play second fiddle to this ga-s, they may just take my coat and wear it out next Christmas. I don't sleep by de machine for nothing! I doesn't clean it out every Sunday for nothing!! I doesn't run to a fire out of my district without I knows my fun. What's the fun of pumping water on a bit of smoke I'd like to know? D'ye think I've held Sixty's pipe for nothing, when the man inside calls out to stop, the fire's out! Maybe I can't drench a house out, though—just try me, though. Maybe, too, I can't hit a streak of flame at sixty feet, and only half strike!

And yer don't get this ere child to carry one of them ere 'Nihilators. He aint so fond of gases-a! I might as well be a juryman ora Continentaler in a three-cornered hat, going down Broadway with a tag of niggers at his heels. As Ned Forrest—and he's one of the boys—says in Othello, when I comes to that "my occupation's gone:" gone jest like a rainy Fourth of July.

We got a talking over this ere new rig of Barnum's in the engine-house, last Sunday night, and our foreman, who knows a bit or two worth knowing about books, says the 'Nihilator' will all end in smoke—there's nothing lively about it. A few precious gulls 'll be bitten by it, and then folks 'll take to the Firemen sweeter than ever. But my mind after all aint exactly straight about it. I'd like to measure off the hose afore I gives in one way or tother. If No. Sixty's men are going to be humbugged by a parcel of old boxes (like a boy's squirt engine), worked with brickbats and vitriol, I'm a goin' to leave the company right soon: yer may bet your life on that.

ONE WHO RUNS WITH No. "60."

## WHO IS BON GAULTIER?

The Editors of the Literary World:

GENTLEMEN:—It is stated in several of our papers that Theodore Martin is the Bon Gaultier of Tait. If this be so the English

public have been for several years under a strange delusion on the subject, for they have always given the credit of Bon's articles to Professor William E. Aytoun, at present one of the leading contributors to Blackwood, if not the actual editor since Wilson's retirement. The internal evidence in favor of this gentleman, putting all external report out of the question, is of the strongest kind. Mr. Martin has never been known as a writer of serious verse; Prof. Aytoun has for many years, and in the *Lays of the Cavaliers*, published under his own name, may be traced the same command of language and power of versification which distinguish the *Bon Gaultier* ballads. One instance of this is quite striking. The German long trochaic is perhaps the very most difficult and uncommon metre in the English language; very few have attempted it, and most of those few, Bulwer among them, succeeded very imperfectly. The stanza I mean is that of Goethe's *Bride of Corinth*, running somewhat in this fashion:—

Then love-tokens they in turn deliver;  
She reached him a chain of gold so fair;  
And a beaker he was fain to give her,  
Wrought in silver, richer was there ne'er.  
"That is not for me!"  
I will take of thee  
Nothing save a ringlet of thy hair."

Now there is a really splendid poem in this stanza among Aytoun's ballads, *Hermotimus* (by the way, if any of your subscribers are unacquainted with it, it is worth their while to buy the book for that one poem), and there is also among the *Bon Gaultier* ballads a sham advertisement in the same metre. Again, there is one of the parodies in the last edition of the *Book of Ballads*, professing to be by W. E. A.—a mock dirge on a dead (drunk) man. But this is not a parody on any poem published under Aytoun's own name, for it does not resemble any of them; it does resemble one of the earlier *Bon Gaultier* poems (itself a parody on Locksley Hall) very much. The inference is obvious. Once more, Martin, the contributor to the *Edinburgh*, is personally a Liberal: Aytoun is known to be an extreme Tory. The *Bon Gaultier* ballads, though originally published in a radical Magazine, are evidently not the production of a liberal: their satire falls upon the abuses of progress rather than those of conservatism. Yet further, the prose papers by Bon bear a marked resemblance to those in Blackwood, of which one *Augustus Dunshunner* is the hero, which papers are generally considered to be the production of Prof. Aytoun. Finally, since Aytoun has had a prominent share in the management of Blackwood there have been no *Bon Gaultier* papers in Tait or elsewhere. Against all this there is only to be set off that *Bon Gaultier* calls himself Theodore in one of his ballads. For my own part, till the most positive evidence is produced to the contrary, I shall continue to believe that Aytoun, and not Martin, is the real Bon.

Yours truly,

EREUNETEE.

## FARDELISM.

If the Constitution prohibits Government from conferring titles of nobility, our colleges seem of late to have taken the responsibility in conferring them, in a theological and literary sense.

Every annual commencement with the most in our institutions of learning brings an increase to the list of our learned men. The enthusiasm is so great among the small fry to add their quota to the list, that the number of degrees usually conferred extra in Law, Divinity, and the Arts, is equal sometimes to the graduating class. The less unknown the institution is generally, the more honorary titles it confers. This whole system of conferring degrees in our colleges has got to be such a burlesque on all true merit and learning, as rather to excite our sympathy in behalf of the individual who receives one, and contempt for the institution that confers it.

Many of our wealthy and respectable churches have been so long accustomed to hear Doctors, that they almost regard with suspicion the ability and claims of a minister to preach to them, unless he has been Doctored; and reporters generally, in giving the speech of a Reverend, take for granted that the distinguished orator who made so eloquent an address is, of course, a Doctor, and accordingly confer the degree.

The degrees of Doctor of Divinity and Laws, from too great freedom in their use, have got to be but an inferior quality of literary gingerbread, passed round indiscriminately by our colleges, *pro bono publico*; while the titles of A.B. and A.M. conferred in many cases, answer very well in public opinion for a nominal distinction between Fresh and Graduates.

The first degrees conferred originated in the universities of Paris and Bologna, and were designed only for those who taught; but it would seem at present, from their great abundance and the increased number of candidates, that we live in an age of great intellectual profundity; and that no people of modern times can compare with us in the number of our great and learned men. So many of the ministerial order have received lately the honorary degree of Doctor (about fifty), that it would seem to be insinuating something rather indelicate to the feelings of the unfortunate few, if they are not also varnished. And we therefore recommend, since the Constitution positively declares that all men are born free and equal, that they immediately be Doctored.

That a degree should be regarded as an indication of intellectual character, it ought to be, as near as possible, a criterion of ability and scholarship; but our degrees indicate this but imperfectly. They are often conferred upon men on taking certain public positions and assuming certain duties and responsibilities which, if they had never done, no one would have thought of elongating their names with a title. When a president or a professor is chosen in one of our colleges, another, either from good feelings or motives connected with its interest, confers immediately some high-sounding title. If one of the Reverend order should become pastor of some wealthy and influential church, or should write a few essays for some theological or literary review, or edit some classical work, he is with general approbation entitled to

Doctor of Divinity; and if some politician makes a successful speech in Congress on the higher law, and the moral obligation to preserve the Union, or delivers a few orations on education, and kindred subjects, before mechanical or agricultural associations, he receives instant from all colleges in the land the learned title of L.L.D.

These titles, in fact, have got to be so common, instead of having dignity and worth attached to them, they are very much like CAPTAIN among the Militia. In the London University the ordinary college degrees are conferred, not by the professors, but by men chosen for this purpose, who are well known for eminent qualifications in their various professions.

If this system was adopted in our literary institutions, and their work as unscrupulously and vigorously examined, society and science in general would not suffer so much from the pretensions and impositions of professional quacks. This independence on the part of the examiners will secure confidence and thoroughness in public opinion, and will be the proper means of furnishing able and efficient men for all positions and professions in life. Then our degrees, instead of being like the shield of the Chinese, having the appearance of substantial metal, but stuffed with straw and paper, will be like the armor of the Greek, possessing appropriate fitness and utility; and he who holds them will be entitled to just honor and respect for their possession.

TIMON.

## LITERATURE.

## THE SCIENCE OF POLITICS.\*

THIS book is an attempt to prove that Politics may be reduced to a science. The author, basing his argument upon Comte's view of the successive evolution and necessary dependence of the sciences, evolves a science of politics for which his theory claims a place and order to which, in the opinion of the author, it is as logically entitled as the Mathematics and Physics to theirs. The sciences are thus classed:

- 1st. The Mathematical and Force Sciences.
- 2d. The Inorganic Physical Sciences.
- 3d. The Organic Physical Sciences.
- 4th. The sciences that relate exclusively to man and that treat of human action. These are (1), *non-moral*, political economy, which treats of the beneficial or prejudicial effects of human action; (2), *moral* politics, which treats of the moral character of human action, whether that action be the action of a single individual towards another individual, or whether it be the action of a whole society, or portion of society, with all the formality of legislation, &c.

Human progress being a fact and the tendency being to knowledge—correct belief—and thence to right conduct, the author argues for a period of perfection in the science of politics, as in the other sciences, mathematics, for example.

Apart from the theory of the book, which involves a close logical argument which, to be appreciated, should be followed in each successive step, some of the great questions of the age, that are agitating opinion everywhere, are brought forward in illustration.

\* The Theory of Human Progression, and Natural Probability of a Reign of Justice. Boston: Mussey & Co.

Here we have Free trade justified on the score of the

## IMMORALITY OF A TARIFF.

"There are actions which are naturally crimes, and which never can be anything else than crimes—robbery and murder, for instance. Such actions are criminal anterior to all legislation, and independently of any human enactment whatever. They are unjust from their nature, and we can predicate, *a priori*, that they are unjust, as well as prove, *a posteriori*, by their effects, that they are eminently prejudicial.

"Such actions, and such actions alone, is the government of a country competent to prohibit, and to class as crimes. But let us observe what takes place in actual legislation. No action can be less criminal than the purchase of the productions of one country, and the transport of those productions to another country, for the legitimate profit of the trader and the convenience of the inhabitants. The government, however, passes a law that such transport shall not be allowed, and that the man who still persists in it shall be called a criminal, and treated as such. The government thus creates a new crime, and establishes an artificial standard of morality, one of the most pernicious things for a community that can possibly exist, as it leads men to conclude that acts are wrong only because they are forbidden, and also enlists in favor of the offender those feelings which ought ever to be retained in favor of the law.

"The restriction would be a crime if it were only a restriction, and prevented the international exchange of products. But what are its effects? It calls into existence a set of men who devote themselves by profession to infringing the law. The act of transport is perfectly innocent and highly beneficial; but so soon as it is prohibited by law, the man who engages in it is obliged to use the arts of deception and concealment, and from one step of small depravity to another sinks lower and lower, until he at last employs violence, and does not hesitate to murder. The act of transport in which the smuggler is engaged is one of the most legitimate modes of exercising the human power. Every kind of advantage attends it. First, it is profitable to the foreign seller. Second, it is profitable to the merchant. Third, it is profitable to the carrier. Fourth, it is profitable to the home consumer; for if the goods were not more highly esteemed by him than the money, he would not purchase them at the price. And fifth, it is injurious to no one. The first three profits are money profits; the fourth, the profit of convenience and gratification. But the moral effects are no less beneficial. First, the man who is engaged in lawful trading is well employed, and likely to be a peaceful and good citizen. Second, the fact of purchasing from a foreigner gives the trader an interest in that foreigner, and eminently tends to break down those national antipathies which have descended from the darker ages. The buyer and the seller are a step further from war every bargain they conclude in honest dealing; and the iniquitous doctrine, that a 'Frenchman is the natural enemy of an Englishman,' must every day find its practical refutation in the substantial benefits of trade. First, then, the prohibitory law sacrifices all these benefits, and the law of restriction diminishes them to the full extent of its restriction. But what takes place? The contraband trader is created by the prospect of gain arising from the increase of price. This increase of price, instead of being a benefit to the legal trader, is his curse. It is neither more nor less than a premium held out to the smuggler to evade the custom and to undersell the legal trader, thereby tending constantly to reduce his profit, as well as to diminish his sale. But this is not all. It is a premium to the reckless to break the law; and the man who lives in the habitual breach of the law soon becomes a ruined character and a ruined man."



Communism that would construct political society on a theory of benevolence, is told that the true basis of society is Justice:—

#### JUSTICE THE BASIS OF POLITICS.

"Political relations, so far from being relations of fraternity, or of love, or of any of those sentiments that teach us to bear or to forbear, or to give or to forgive, are relations of equity. They are relations of justice, which gives nothing, and forgives nothing. They are *jural* relations, and political society is a *jural* society."

"The moment this truth is forgotten, the door is opened for the wildest and most impracticable schemes. We have, in fact, broken down the barriers of reason, and admitted a flood of wild imagination. While, on the other hand, we repudiate everything that assumes the form of authority (as dispensing with reason), so, on the other hand, must we as carefully deny admission to any propositions whatever which cannot show a rational foundation, because they pretend to derive from the higher and more expansive sentiments of the heart. Nothing can be more delusive, nothing more certainly dangerous. Justice is stable, permanent, and strictly regulative. Its rules must determine the form of society, a form which may at all times be enforced. And if, as is the case in all known countries, that form shall have been departed from, then force may be legitimately used for its restoration.

"The moment, however, that we attempt to substitute the relations of benevolence for those of justice, both the scales and the sword fall from the hands of the image. Benevolence can regulate nothing, and enforce nothing. First let me know what is mine, and then inculcate the duties and the pleasures of benevolence. But if nothing is mine, then is there not only no justice, but no possibility of benevolence; and those who advocate the absolute abolition of property, would do well to consider that the moment property is abolished, that moment is the practice of benevolence (such, at all events, as involves the objects of property) abolished also. The foundation, therefore, of political society on benevolence is suicidal; the only possibility of benevolence being the admission that something is mine (service or property) which I may lawfully give, lawfully withhold, but which I may choose to give if I please, when actuated by benevolence.

"Love, benevolence, charity, fraternity, therefore, cannot enter a system of politics. No human society could be founded on them that attempts to regulate the distribution of natural property, and the allocation of that increased value which is created by the labor of individuals. Love may, to a certain extent, reign in a family; but in a state composed of a multitude of independent (although social) individuals, each producing according to his skill, energy, perseverance, and accidental opportunities, justice must be the regulative principle, without which the society falls either under the hand of tyranny, or falls into the equally destructive condition of anarchy and confusion."

The author, impelled by the insatiate demands of his theory, is led to deny the right of private property in land. It is held that land is not essentially private property, and that naturally one man has as much right to the land as another. From this proposition

it is inferred that the Government should hold all the land in favor of the whole nation upon whom nature has originally bestowed it. That as the land produces, according to a law of nature, more than the value of the labor expended on it, and that on this account men are willing to pay a rent for the land, therefore that this rent should be for the benefit of the whole nation, and that from it the revenue of governments should be exclusively derived. In a word, that land, not labor, should be taxed. The author looks to a recognition of this principle for a solution of the great social problem that is now agitating the mind of Europe, the unequal distribution of wealth which surfeits the few and starves the millions. The author thus states his views:—

#### LAND COMMON PROPERTY.

"The actual division of the soil need never be anticipated, nor would such a division be just, if the divided portions were made the property (legally, for they could never be so morally) of individuals.

"If, then, successive generations of men cannot have their fractional share of the actual soil (including mines, &c.), how can the division of the advantages of the natural earth be effected?

"By the division of its annual value or rent; that is, by making the rent of the soil the common property of the nation. That is (as the taxation is the common property of the state), by taking the whole of the taxes out of the rents of the soil, and thereby abolishing all other kinds of taxation whatever. And thus all industry would be absolutely emancipated from every burden, and every man would reap such natural reward as his skill, industry, or enterprise rendered legitimately his, according to the natural law of free competition.\* This we maintain to be the only theory that will satisfy the requirements of the problem of natural property. And the question now is: How can the division of the rent be effected? An actual division of the rent—that is, the payment of so much money to each individual—would be attended with, perhaps, insuperable inconveniences; neither is such an actual division requisite, every requirement being capable of fulfilment without it."

It will be thus seen that the writer's theory leads him to a doctrine thoroughly radical and revolutionary, a doctrine which the bounty of nature, in her gift of a boundless continent, separates more remotely from our possible acceptance than the narrow necessity of the old world does from it. It must be stated that the author is not urging these views into immediate action with the fanaticism of a revolutionary enthusiast, not stimulating unenlightened energies into a tumultuous storm of dark fury and blind rage, which, in destroying the past and present, would leave no trace for the guidance of the future; which would confound the day, night, and dawn in universal darkness; which would cast away the seed in consequence of the bitterness of the undeveloped fruit. In the true spirit of philosophy, with reverence for the past and regard for the present, he is striving to guide the progress of the future. Practical men are apt to treat with contempt all such philosophers. Practical men are apt to think that they have all the world to themselves. The philosopher is not taken into the account. The statesman, the trader, the manufacturer, the culti-

vator of the earth, are however but acting parts upon the world's stage, that have long since been written out and set down to them by philosophy. The action of the present was the thought of the past, and the thought of the present will be the action of the future. Theory always precedes practice. There are great truths in the philosophy of the present which will only be recognised by posterity—since they are in advance of the action of the age, and the age has enough to do in working out the great truths of the philosophy of the past.

Though the author assumes the French philosopher Comte's view of the connexion and succession of the sciences, he begins deeper and goes further than the French sceptic. His philosophy is deeply spiritual. He rejects the *sensational* philosophy, which would derive all idea from the senses; and starting from mind not matter, he is led in the course of his theory to the acknowledgment of the necessity of a revelation, with its scheme of salvation there announced. Referring to his book for the argument, we give the author's conclusion, which justifies his claim to the character of a Christian philosopher. These are his words:—"And thus also as the sciences evolve chronologically in the same order that they are logically classified, the ultimate end of human study, and of all man's intellectual achievements, is only at last to prove beyond a doubt the absolute necessity both of a revelation and of a means of redemption, of which God is the author."

The book is one of great power, close and logical in argument, rich in illustration, drawn from a profound study of the past, and an acute observation of the present, and is written in a style clear, forcible, and eloquent.

#### ALBAN.\*

ALBAN is an unfinished novel. Dr. Huntington rewards the patience of his readers at the end of five hundred pages with the promise of a forthcoming sequel, shortly to appear. The present bulky instalment of the entire book is, therefore, to be regarded only as one of the *disjecta membra* of a vast undeveloped system and succession of works of fiction by which the author of Lady Alice and Alban proposes to put down Protestantism in New England, and restore that misguided region to the true Roman Catholic faith.

It would be doing injustice to Alban to call it a religious novel. It is more than religious and more than a novel. It unites the profundity of a theological treatise with the seductive frivolity of a Parisian *feuilleton*. The author discards anything like plot and system in his story, but presents his characters in a series of situations which serve the double purpose of displaying his powers of description and elucidating obscure doctrines and dogmas of the church, and troublesome points in theology generally. At the same time, lest the main ingredient should be too substantial and heavy for the taste of novel readers, he takes care to serve it up with *sauce piquante* of the most pungent flavor. The mixture of sacred science and profane sentiment which his pages present reminds one of a hermit mixing punch, or a Capuchin friar preaching repentance and the virtues of a holy life in a *salle de danse* on the Boulevards, and diverting himself between his

\* This truth has been clearly apprehended, and very distinctly announced, by Francis Lieber, in his able "Manual of Political Ethics." (London: William Smith, Fleet street.) That work is well worthy the perusal of those who take an interest in political science. It is far from being a formal treatise, but a most admirable preparation for the gradual introduction of scientific form. "The state, I said, is founded on the relations of right; it is a *jural* society, as a church is a religious society, or an assurance company a financial association. The idea of the just, and the action founded on this idea, called justice, is the broad foundation and great object of the state."—P. 160.

\* We have no hesitation whatever in predicting, that all civilized communities must ultimately abolish all revenue restrictions on industry, and draw the whole taxation from the rents of the soil. And this because (as we shall endeavor to show in a future portion of the subject) the rents of the soil are the common produce of the whole labor of a community.

\* Alban: a Tale of the New World. By the author of "Lady Alice." Putnam.

periods with a whirl on the floor with the prettiest grisette in the crowd. The ease with which our author passes from the voluptuous description of a passionate Jewish beauty in half undress, to an analysis of the sacramental mysteries of the church of Rome, shows a versatility and power which are not often exemplified in the field of light literature, and which evince rare qualifications for the crusade against meeting-houses, chapels, and Common Prayer-books, which he has undertaken in Alban.

The heroine of this tale of the New World, Miss Mary De Groot, begins life and the novel as an Unitarian; between ten o'clock and one o'clock on a Christmas eve, in a bewitching night toilette, she devotes herself to a careful investigation of the comparative merits of that system of theology with the Anglican and Roman, and the result is that about midnight her transition into the bosom of Mother church is completed by the sound of the Christmas carols outside of her window. This gives the author an opportunity of a bit of his favorite bedroom description, intermixed with a little theology:—

"The white dimity curtains of bed and window in the young guest's room had a cold but virginal air, like the white Marseilles quilt, in spite of the thick blankets it covered. She herself looked the same in her clean (Thursday) night-gear, the dark hair low and smooth on her pure brow, and holding out one of her rosy feet to the fire, working its little toes, like an infant's, in the warmth. The toes were pretty enough to have rings on them, or bells, like the aged heroine's in the nursery rhyme,

'With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes';

but Mary De Groot had none even on the former, i. e. no rings. Her virgin hands were absolved from all ornament save their own beauty, not only when undressed, as now, but at all times.

"After playing thus awhile as a child might, without aim, and so serenely that she might seem either an angel or quite soulless, she suddenly turned round from the fire to her chair, assumed her little maidenly wrapper, thrust the fairy feet into their dear little slippers, and seated herself at a little table or stand, whereon were placed her candle and the 'Chapel Liturgy.' Having read the preface intently, bending down upon it in a very school-girl fashion, like as if she had been conning a lesson, she looked up and said aloud:

"My Unitarian friends excuse the alterations that they have made in adapting the Episcopal Prayer-book to their own use, on the same ground which the Episcopalians allege to justify the changes in their own service, from the old English Book of Common Prayer; and both cite the latter itself. Looks at the book and reads—'Every particular Church has a right to ordain, change, and abolish ceremonies or rites of the Church, ordained only by man's authority, so that all be done to edifying.' What more reasonable! I declare, I should like to see what changes the American Episcopalians have made from the English Prayer-book. That should be very instructive to a little girl like me."

"To think and do were the same thing with Miss Mary De Groot. She rose quickly, drew the silken cords of her wrapper tighter round her waist, tripped with her candle to the chamber-door, and peeped out into the corridor. Mr. Everett's boots lay outside his door—"After all, he is only an old bachelor!" said the girl of sixteen, and fluttered down stairs. She is in the library with her candle.

"Now, how in the name of goodness am I

to find it? Who knows if Mr. Everett has got one? Ah, here is the Theology—sermons—Channing, Clarke, Newcome, Tillotson—ah, here it is! But my! it is a thick quarto—big enough for a church! Oh, here is another that is smaller—never been used, I guess. Oh, Mr. James, you are not very devout! And the American Prayer-book close by it, not near so well bound. I must have them both, Mr. James."

"She returned exultingly with her prizes. The beautifully bound 'Common Prayer,' when unclasped, lay open of itself on the broad quarto page of the Chapel Liturgy; the rigid American Prayer-book she held in one hand. She must spring up again to fetch from a drawer a well-worn volume of the pocket size—the Manual of devotions which had belonged to her Catholic mother. It was in French, and contained among other things the ordinary of the Mass, with a translation in parallel columns. So the young girl began to collate and compare with a grave and singular patience, having the old Roman Mass—the venerable Liturgy of St. Peter, and much of the daily Office, at one extreme, and the Socinian Chapel Liturgy at the other, as the final result of Protestant improvements. In a very short time, perplexed by having so much before her at once, she devoted herself to those changes made by the American Episcopalians, in regard to which her curiosity had been primarily excited.

"What singular alterations are these!" she exclaimed aloud, in her way. "What could have possessed the people to make them! How vulgar, how unpoetical;—really—how impure they are!" She put both her little hands before her blushing face, as if her delicacy had been shocked.—Oh, if I were an Episcopalian and knew that these things had been changed so, I should feel so ashamed!"

"As she got on she grew more excited and perplexed. Here was the creed of St. Athanasius, which the Church of England ordered to be read on all the great Feasts, cast out of the American Prayer-book altogether. 'Is it because it takes away all hope of salvation from us poor Unitarians?' How kind in the American Episcopal Church to decline pronouncing so severe a sentence! Oh, Mr. Soapstone! you ought not to be so hard upon us since your Church will not say that we shall be condemned. Really how precise this Creed is on that point! 'He that will be saved, must thus think of the Trinity.' 'Which faith, except every one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly.' 'Well, I like that,' said Mary, characteristically. 'We know what we have to expect. If, after such a warning we persist in being heretics, we shall have nobody to blame but ourselves when we are sent to a bad place.'"

Alban, the hero, is the friend and confidant of this young lady. He is the author's type of a sincere young man who has been visited with the calamity of baptism, which is no baptism in a New England meeting-house, and conversion which is not conversion in a Connecticut revival, and who is anxious to extricate himself from the Presbyterian corruptions and whited sepulchreism of New England. This unfortunate victim of Puritan heresy is a little hypocrite at page 60, all owing to his juvenile Congregationalism; at page 89 he becomes morbidly sceptical, the results of a couple of years at Yale College; further on he gets to be a sort of incipient Jew, the natural result, according to our author, of his previous experience; so that upon this theory every sincere Presbyterian is an undeveloped Hebrew. Alban's theoretical Judaism, however, is mainly attributable to splendid Miss Miriam Seixas, to whose personal attractions are devoted as

many pages as can be spared from graver topics. Simultaneously with a discovery that he is not in love with this lady, a discovery which is made in her boudoir in the Seixas mansion in State street, near the Battery, and after Miss Miriam has attempted to stab herself with a Turkish dagger, "hilted," of course, "with rubies," Alban discovers that he is not a Jew after all, and that the synagogue has been only a stopping-place on his way to the cathedral. And so this religious Ravel goes on, balancing on the tight rope of scepticism, sectarianism, and heterodoxy, until, after a long and perilous ascent, he arrives safely at Popery, amidst trumpets and fireworks.

Doubtless there is such a thing as a sincere struggle after truth; it goes on daily in the lives of very many men; with some it ends, no doubt, in the unquestioning repose of Romanism—but that this is its only, or its legitimate finale, is not to be established by the experience of a coxcomical Sophomore, whom a Miriam waltzes into the faith of the Rabbis, and a Mary allures, by modest virginal graces, to mass and the confessional. So unstable an inquirer after truth would be too apt to be a Mahometan in the society of Zee or Zuleika, and to make himself, what Dr. Huntington's neophyte displays, a wonderful facility of becoming all things to all—women. Besides, the Doctor upsets his moral by his hero's want of morals. He is a profound philosopher upon every point of ecclesiastical learning and church history and doctrine; his logic poses the New Haven doctors, and doubters, and dissenters, but in a drawing-room he is a prodigious puppy, and the young ladies who have the misfortune of his miscellaneous and semi-sacerdotal attentions, need in an especial manner the protection of fraternal horsewhips.

But Alban's conversion to Romanism is only the beginning of his career. He is "rusticated" by the New Haven professors (Puritan persecutors), to the village of Carmel and the family of worthy Parson Cove, whose house he immediately discovers to be in the possession of evil spirits. It is infested by rappings from garret to cellar; all the furniture in the house, and one junk bottle in particular, keep up a most marvelous system of unauthorized gyrations. The Presbyterian minister prays to no purpose; a high church clergyman in full canonicals reads the service in the parlor, but the most vindictive rappings and demonstrations ensue; the Rev. Mr. Soapstone's suppliance takes fire, the great family Bible is upset, and the clergyman's horse runs away pell mell. At this crisis a travelling monk happens in, and his arrival provokes new ebullitions on the part of the rappers. But their reign is over. He fathoms the mystery, exorcises the evil spirits, sprinkles the house with holy water, cures the possessed child, and stops the raps.

All this is symbolical of the present corrupt and impure state of Puritan New England, and of the only means that can save it. This is the first time, in our recollection, that the rappings have been elevated from newspaper paragraphs to the pages of romance. Their satisfaction at this sudden promotion probably accounts for their being so much louder and more remarkable in Dr. Huntington's novel than they were ever known to be anywhere else.

At this point the book stops, and here we may draw a long breath. We have been a



little minute in our details of its plan, because we wish to avoid the suspicion of a criticism without a perusal; and besides, because we have no intention whatever of reading or reviewing the sequel. Having accomplished Alban we shall consider ourselves relieved from further duty, and entitled to a certificate of honorable discharge.

There is no particular objection that we are aware of to a story of religious experience, any more than any other interesting or instructive experience, provided the purpose is pure and the execution honest. But we are at a loss to conjecture why it is that the religious novelist, while in his aim and moral he professes to deal with the most substantial verities, should, more than any other writer of fiction, assume a greater latitude and wider license in dealing with the facts and realities of life or social manners to which he resorts for the materials of his tale. If a novel is good for nothing else, at least it may be praiseworthy for its fidelity of description, and its truth to nature; it may make up for its other differences by a painstaking accuracy in reproducing the actual phase of human life which it undertakes to represent. The novelist has a right to make his characters what he pleases, and dispose of them as he likes; and he has a right to imagine and invent, if necessary for his purpose, new states of existence and manners; but when he affects to deal with things as they really are, and to paint the portrait of an actual society and not the fanciful creation of his own brain, he has no more right to misrepresent or misstate than the historian has to falsify the facts of history. For instance, an author who lays the scene of a romance in this city at the present day, would never imagine that he could describe his characters as usually conversing in the Spanish language, or eating their food with chopsticks, or dressing their heads with powder. These are extreme cases, but they illustrate the principle; the test of an author's merit in such matters is found in his regard or disregard of more minute details, where mistake might be less glaring but more dishonest.

The author of Alban is capable of accurate and vivid description, but the present work betrays either a great lack of knowledge or an unfortunate distortion of facts. He is as much out of his way in his exaggerated pictures of New York magnificence and luxury sixteen years ago, as in his representations of the social manners of the same period. No New York gentleman of the old or new school ever sat for the portrait of Mr. De Groot, the millionaire of Fifth avenue; nor any decent young woman for the confiding heroine of the story. To point his moral the author overadorns his tale with absurdities in the way of description, and overloads it with incidents which are no less absurd than disgusting. The author of this novel has acquired some reputation as a writer of fiction, from his previous work, *Lady Alice*, a brilliant but extravagant and objectionable book, both in style and spirit. Alban will not add to his reputation. Were it more entertaining as a story and less offensive to good taste, it would still fail to attract or interest its readers, except as a curious exhibition of feeling and opinion. It does not require any uncommon penetration to detect beneath the veil of fiction by which they are covered the motive or spirit of the book. New Englandism and Protestantism are open

enough to fair attack without requiring a resort to sneers and sarcasm in a fashionable novel. There are superstition, and fanaticism, and hypocrisy in New England as well as in Old England, and in old Rome, and everywhere in the world; but we do not believe that the tendency of Puritanism is the ruin of all the young men and women who are born under its shadow, or the heartless hypocrisy which the author of Alban has discovered. At all events, that portion of the reading public for whose special benefit this book is put forth, who are not disposed to avoid topics and literature which involve questions of religious opinion, will be inclined to think that sneers at Prayer-meetings, and ridicule of Revivals, and contempt at piety in any of its forms, dangerous and disagreeable, at the best, are especially so when they come with the added odor of impurity which taints and pervades the present work.

#### DE QUINCEY'S LITERARY REMINISCENCES.\*

THERE is no reading of its class more charming than De Quincey's sketches of his literary life, and particularly his recollections of his contemporaries. He writes of them as a man who loves his profession of literature and holds its delicate processes in tenderness and esteem, yet without a particle of obtrusiveness or affectation. For the most part an enthusiast, his style being always warmed by an ardent temperament, he is yet subtle, critical, and discriminating. We have before noticed, in these volumes of the American, and only edition of his collected writings, the grace with which he winds into a subject, in a species of philosophical narrative blending the fact with the sentiment, and illuminating the theme throughout. His ingenuity is his marked trait. It perhaps leads him occasionally to over fine-spun deductions from indifferent circumstances, into a kind of philosophizing for the sake of philosophizing, as in his elaborate picture of his first interview with Charles Lamb at a desk of the East India House. The finesse of descending from that elevated seat is painful. If touched upon at all, by most writers, any notice of such an incident would have been simply humorously stated. With De Quincey it is the text for a philosophical dissertation. He presents himself with a letter to Lamb, with the object (this was in 1804) of learning something of Coleridge:—

#### CHARLES LAMB AT THE INDIA HOUSE.

"But first let me describe my brief introductory call upon him at the India House. I had been told that he was never to be found at home except in the evenings; and to have called then would have been, in a manner, forcing myself upon his hospitalities, and at a moment when he might have confidential friends about him; besides that, he was sometimes tempted away to the theatres. I went, therefore, to the India House; made inquiries amongst the servants; and, after some trouble (for that was early in his Leadenhall street career, and, possibly, he was not much known), I was shown into a small room, or else a small section of a large one (thirty-four years affects one's remembrance of some circumstances), in which was a very lofty writing-desk, separated by a still higher railing from that part of the floor on which the profane—the laity, like myself—were allowed to approach the *clerus*, or clerically rulers of the

room. Within the railing sat, to the best of my remembrance, six quill-driving gentlemen; not gentlemen whose duty or profession it was merely to drive the quill, but who were then driving it—*gens de plume*, such *in esse*, as well as *in posse*—in act as well as habit; for, as if they supposed me a spy, sent by some superior power, to report upon the situation of affairs as surprised by me, they were all too profoundly immersed in their oriental studies to have any sense of my presence. Consequently, I was reduced to a necessity of announcing myself and my errand. I walked, therefore, into one of the two open doorways of the railing, and stood closely by the high stool of him who occupied the first place within the little aisle. I touched his arm, by way of recalling him from his lofty Leadenhall speculations to this sublunary world; and, presenting my letter, asked if that gentleman (pointing to the address) were really a citizen of the present room; for I had been repeatedly misled, by the directions given me, into wrong rooms. The gentleman smiled; it was a smile not to be forgotten. This was Lamb. And here occurred a *very, very* little incident—one of those which pass so fugitively that they are gone and hurrying away into Lethe almost before your attention can have arrested them; but it was an incident which, to me, who happened to notice it, served to express the courtesy and delicate consideration of Lamb's manners. The seat upon which he sat was a very high one; so absurdly high, by the way, that I can imagine no possible use or sense in such an altitude, unless it were to restrain the occupant from playing truant at the fire, by opposing Alpine difficulties to his descent.

"Whatever might be the original purpose of this aspiring seat, one serious dilemma arose from it, and this it was which gave the occasion to Lamb's act of courtesy. Somewhere there is an anecdote, meant to illustrate the ultra-obsequiousness of the man: either I have heard of it in connexion with some actual man known to myself, or it is told in a book of some historical coxcomb—that, being on horseback, and meeting some person or other whom it seemed advisable to flatter, he actually dismounted, in order to pay his court by a more ceremonious bow. In Russia, as we all know, this was, at one time, upon meeting any of the Imperial family, an act of legal necessity; and there, accordingly, but there only, it would have worn no ludicrous aspect. Now, in this situation of Lamb's, the act of descending from his throne, a very elaborate process, with steps and stages analogous to those on horseback—of slipping your right foot out of the stirrup, throwing your leg over the crupper, &c.—was, to all intents and purposes, the same thing as dismounting from a great elephant of a horse. Therefore it both was, and was felt to be by Lamb, supremely ludicrous. On the other hand, to have sat still and stately upon this aerial station, to have bowed condescendingly from this altitude, would have been—not ludicrous indeed; performed by a very superb person, and supported by a very superb bow, it might have been vastly fine, and even terrifying to many young gentlemen under sixteen; but it would have had an air of ungentlemanly assumption. Between these extremes, therefore, Lamb had to choose: between appearing ridiculous himself for a moment, by going through a ridiculous evolution, which no man could execute with grace; or, on the other hand, appearing lofty and assuming, in a degree which his truly humble nature (for he was the humblest of men in the pretensions which he put forward for himself) must have shrunk from with horror. Nobody who knew Lamb can doubt how the problem was solved: he began to dismount instantly; and, as it happened that the very first round of his descent obliged him to turn his back upon me as if for a sudden purpose of flight, he had an excuse for laughing; which he did heartily—saying, at the same time, something to this effect, that I must not judge

\* Literary Reminiscences: from the Autobiography of an English Opium-Eater. By Thomas De Quincey. 2 vols. Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

from first appearances; that he should revolve upon me; that he was not going to fly; and other facetiæ, which challenged a general laugh from the clerical brotherhood.

"When he had reached the basis of terra firma on which I was standing, naturally, as a mode of thanking him for his courtesy, I presented my hand, which, in a general case, I should certainly not have done; for I cherished, in an ultra-English degree, the English custom (a wise custom) of bowing in frigid silence on a first introduction to a stranger; but, to a man of literary talent, and one who had just practised so much kindness in my favor at so probable a hazard to himself of being laughed at for his pains, I could not maintain that frosty reserve. Lamb took my hand; did not absolutely reject it, but rather repelled my advance by his manner. This, however, long afterwards I found was only a habit derived from his too great sensitiveness to the variety of people's feelings, which ran through a gamut so infinite of degrees and modes as to make it unsafe for any man who respects himself to be too hasty in his allowances of familiarity. Lamb had, as he was entitled to have, a high self-respect; and me he probably suspected (as a young Oxonian) of some aristocratic tendencies. The letter of introduction, containing (I imagine) no matters of business, was speedily run through; and I instantly received an invitation to spend the evening with him. Lamb was not one of those who catch at the chance of escaping from a bore by fixing some distant day, when accidents (in duplicate proportion, perhaps, to the number of intervening days) may have carried you away from the place: he sought to benefit by no luck of that kind; for he was, with his limited income—and I say it deliberately—positively the most hospitable man I have known in this world. That night, the same night, I was to come and spend the evening with him. I had gone to the India House with the express purpose of accepting whatever invitation he should give me; and, therefore, I accepted this, took my leave, and left Lamb in the act of resuming his aerial position."

For a happy piece of narrative in an unusual style, suited to the occasion, we know nothing clearer or more appreciative, remembering the tangled web of Hazlitt's character, than this account of an almost forgotten volume and series of emotions:—

#### HAZLITT'S MODERN PYGMALION.

"Hazlitt had published a little book which was universally laughed at, but which, in one view of it, greatly raised him in my opinion, by showing him to be capable of stronger and more agitating passions than I believed to be within the range of his nature. He had published his 'Liber Amoris, or the Modern Pygmalion.' And the circumstances of the case were these:—In a lodging-house, which was also, perhaps, a boarding-house, in the neighborhood of Lincoln's Inn, Hazlitt had rooms. The young woman who waited on him was a daughter of the master of the house. She is described by Hazlitt, whose eye had been long familiar with the beauty (real or ideal) of the painters, as a woman of bewitching features; though one thing, which he confesses in his book, or did confess in conversation, made much against it—viz., that she had a look of being somewhat jaded, as if she were unwell, or the freshness of the animal sensibilities gone by. This girl must evidently have been a mercenary person. Well, if she were not an intriguer in the worst sense, in the sense of a schemer she certainly was. Hazlitt, however, for many weeks (months perhaps) paid her the most delicate attentions, attributing to her a refinement and purity of character to which he afterwards believed that she had no sort of pretensions. All this time—and here was the part of Hazlitt's conduct which extorted some sympathy and honor from

me—he went up and down London, raving about this girl. Nothing else would he talk of. 'Have you heard of Miss —?' And then, to the most indifferent stranger he would hurry into a rapturous account of her beauty. For this he was abundantly laughed at. And, as he could not fail to know this—for the original vice of his character was dark, sidelong suspicion, want of noble confidence in the nobilities of human nature, faith too infirm in what was good and great)—this being so, I do maintain that a passion, capable of stifling and transcending what was so prominent in his own nature, was, and must have been (however erroneously planted) a noble affection, and justifying that sympathy which I so cordially yielded him. I must reverence a man, be he what he may otherwise, who shows himself capable of profound love.

"On this occasion, in consequence of something I said very much like what I am now saying, Hazlitt sent me a copy of his 'Liber Amoris'; which, by the way, bore upon the title-page an engraved copy of a female figure—by what painter I forget at this moment, but I think by Titian—which, as Hazlitt imagined, closely resembled the object of his present adoration. The issue for Hazlitt, the unhappy issue, of the tale, was as follows:—The girl was a heartless coquette; her father was an humble tradesman (a tailor, I think); but her sister had married very much above her rank; and she, who had the same or greater pretensions personally, now stood on so far better ground than her sister, as she could plead, which originally her sister could not, some good connexions. Partly, therefore, she acted in a spirit of manœuvring as regarded Hazlitt: he might do as a *pis aller*, but she hoped to do better; partly also she acted on a more natural impulse. It happened that, amongst the gentlemen lodgers was another, more favored by nature, as to person, than ever Hazlitt had been; and Hazlitt was now somewhat withered by life and its cares. This stranger was her 'fancy-man.' Hazlitt suspected something of this for a long time; suspected, doted, and was again persuaded to abandon his suspicions; and yet he could not relish her long conversations with this gentleman. What could they have to say, unless their hearts furnished a subject? Probably the girl would have confessed at once a preference, which, perhaps, she might have no good reason for denying, had it not been that Hazlitt's lavish liberality induced him to overwhelm her with valuable presents. These she had no mind to renounce. And thus she went on, deceiving, and beguiling, and betraying poor Hazlitt, now half crazy with passion, until one fatal Sunday. On that day (the time was evening, in the dusk), with no particular object, but unhappy because he knew that she was gone out, and with some thought that, in the wilderness of London, he might, by chance, stumble upon her, Hazlitt went out; and not a half mile had he gone, when, all at once, he fancied that he saw her. A second and nearer glance showed him that he was right. She it was, but hanging on the arm of the hated rival—of him whom she had a hundred times sworn that she never spoke to but upon the business of the house. Hazlitt saw, but was not seen. In the blindness of love, hatred, and despair, he followed them home; kept close behind them; was witness to the blandishments freely interchanged, and soon after he parted with her forever. Even his works of criticism this dissembling girl had accepted or asked for as presents, with what affectation and hypocrisy Hazlitt now fully understood. In his book he, in a manner, 'whistles her down the wind'; notwithstanding that, even at that time, 'her jesses' were even yet 'his heart-strings.' There is, in the last apostrophe to her—'Poor weed!'—something which, though bitter and contemptuous, is yet tender and gentle; and, even from the book, but much more from the affair itself, as then re-

ported with all its necessary circumstances, something which redeemed Hazlitt from the reproach (which till then he bore) of being open to no grand or profound enthusiasm—no overmastering passion. But now he showed indeed—

'The nympholepsy of some fond despair.'

One of the earlier literary portraits of these volumes, Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, will always attract the attention of New Yorkers for her pictures of the primitive life of the Dutch settlers at Albany, pictures which Mr. Cooper transferred with little difficulty, so romantic was the fact, from her page of the chronicler to his of the novelist, the ideal artist of human nature. De Quincey has felt the charm of this work, the 'Memoirs of an American Lady,' for he thus gives his impressions of it. 'But the work which interested me the most was that in which she painted her own early years as passed among the Anglo-Dutch of the New England States. It was a condition of society which had thus much of a paradisiacal condition—that none was 'afore or after the other'; no jealous precedencies; no suspicions; no 'spectacles of grinding poverty. Aristocracy, there was none; pauperism, there was none; and every member of the community saw a friend and a well-wisher in every other. Happy, happy state, in which were to be found

'No fears to bent away, no strife to heal;

a state which, with the expansion of civilization as it travels through American forests, may, for a century to come, be continually renewed in those lands, but elsewhere I fear never more in this world.'

An anecdote of this lady gives rise to a vindication of a paragraph or two of Wordsworth's poetry. It is worth quoting, for similar blunders are being constantly repeated, as a warning to ignorant and impudent fault-finding. An author, worth reading at all, may generally be supposed to mean something in what he writes, and, until the reader has found out what it is, he should give that author the benefit of a presumption of its value. This was the stupid prejudice against Wordsworth in polite society.

#### WHAT A WORDSWORTH FUERILITY TURNS OUT.

"Either from myself or from somebody else, Mrs. Grant had learned my profound veneration for the poetry of Wordsworth. Upon this she suddenly put a question to me upon the lines of Wordsworth, on seeing a robin red-breast pursuing a butterfly. The particular passage which she selected was to this effect:—

'If Father Adam could open his eyes,  
And see but this sight beneath the skies,  
He would wish to close them again.'

'Now,' said Mrs. Grant, 'what possible relation can Father Adam have to this case of the bird and the butterfly?' It must be mentioned here, that the poem was not in the 'Lyrical Ballads,' by which originally Wordsworth had become known, but in a second collection which had but just issued from the press. The volumes had been in the public hands, if they could be said to have reached the public at all in those years, for about a fortnight; but in mine, who had only recently arrived in London, not above two days. Consequently I had not seen the poem; and being quite taken aback by such a question, in a dinner party made up of people who had either not heard of Wordsworth, or heard of him only as an extravagant and feeble innovator, I believe that I made some absurd answer about Adam being possibly taken as a representative man, or representing the general sensibilities of human nature. Anything passes



in company for a reason or an explanation, when people have not the demoniac passion for disputation; and Mrs. Grant accordingly bowed, in sign of acquiescence. I easily judged, however, that she could not have been satisfied; and in going home, with a strong feeling of self-reproach for having but ill sustained a poetic reputation for which I was so intensely jealous, I set myself to consider what *could* be the meaning for this connexion of Father Adam with the case; and, without having read the poem, by the light of so much as Mrs. Grant had quoted, instantly it flashed upon me that the secret reference must be to that passage in the 'Paradise Lost' where Adam is represented—on the very next morning after his fatal transgression, and whilst yet in suspense as to the shape in which the dread consequences would begin to reveal themselves, and how soon begin—as lifting up his eyes, and seeing the first sad proof that all flesh was tainted, and that corruption had already travelled, by mysterious sympathy, through universal nature. The passage is most memorable, and can never be forgotten by one who has thoughtfully read it:—

'The bird of Jove stoop'd from his airy flight,  
Two birds of yestest plume before him drove;  
Down from the hills, the beast that reigns in woods—  
First hunter then—pursued a gentle brace,  
Goodliest of all the forest—hart and hind.  
Adam observed'—

Here, then, we find, that in Milton's representations of the Fall, the very earliest—not the second or third, but positively the very first—outward signs by which Adam was made aware of a secret but awful revolution, which had gone like a whisper through all nature, was this very phenomenon of two animals pursuing in wrath others of more innocent and beautiful appearance. Reasonably, therefore, we may imagine, for the purposes of a poet, that if Adam were permitted to open his eyes again upon this earthly scene of things, it would send a peculiar anguish through his thoughts to see renewed before him that very same image and manifestation of ruin by which his eyes had been met and his suspense had been resolved on the very first morning succeeding to his fall. The only question which could arise after this upon the propriety of Mr. Wordsworth's allusion, was: Had he a right to presume in his readers such a knowledge of Milton? The answer to which is—that Milton is as much a presumable or presupposable book in the reference of a poet, as nature herself and the common phenomena of nature. These a poet postulates, or presupposes in his reader, and is entitled to do so. However, I mentioned the case afterwards to Mr. Wordsworth; and, in consequence of what I then said, he added the note of reference to Milton, which will be found in the subsequent editions. Another, and hardly, perhaps, so excusable a mistake, had been made upon the very same poem by *The Edinburgh Review*. Mr. Wordsworth had noticed the household character of the red-breast and his consecration to the feelings of men, in all Christian countries; and this he had expressed by calling it—

'The bird, whom by some name or other,  
All men who know thee call their brother;—'

which passage the Reviewer had so little understood as to direct attention to it by italics. Yet the explanation was found in what immediately followed:—

'Their Thomas in Finland,  
And Russia far inland;  
The Peter of Norway boars.'

The bird is Robin with us in Britain, Thomas in another land, Peter in another, and so on. This was the explanation of what the Reviewer thought so absurd or inexplicable. To call a bird by a Christian name is, in effect, when expressed by a poet, to 'call him a brother' of man. And with equal ease might all the passages be explained which have hitherto been stumbling-blocks to critics, where at least the objection has arisen out of misconstruction of the sense."

## THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

## THIRD ARTICLE.

As long ago as when Horace read one of his admirable odes or epistles to the Emperor Augustus and an admiring circle, we have no doubt that authorship was regarded as having attained its highest honor and widest influence. People in those days travelled in slow coaches—not even in slow coaches, but in sedans and on the back of thistle-cropping donkeys. Railroads were not even a dream of the wildest poetic fancy. Horace reading his scroll before Augustus was the foreground of the literary picture of the times: the incident would now belong to private life, and would partake of obscurity—for there has stepped in between the court and the author—a vast body, millions in number, known as the reading public, and these are not to be found in the palace alone, or the bower, or the study. They have abandoned in-doors in myriads, and swarm the rivers and highways—reading, literally, as they run. The steamboat and railroad have called for a body of reading for themselves; and we have been for sometime familiar with the vender, bearing under his arm the multifarious stock of cheap novels and the shouting boy on the pier-head or at the station, with his wet supply of morning and evening papers.

It is at length discovered that it is worth while to consider the subject of furnishing to travellers books on some method and principle of adaptation. They are grown to be a constituency too important to be overlooked—calf-bound folios and octavos will scarcely serve the turn, nor on the other hand are they to be put off with the mere chaff and refuse of the mill. Nor will books at random, in whatever form of print and paper they may appear, answer the purpose—there are too many fathers of families, with their sons and daughters interested to allow of this. A great reading community on the wing—of every class, degree, sex, age, and condition, requires careful providing for; it embraces a wide range—and involves no unimportant part of the education of the people—for although it may seem a singular proposition, there are thousands who never read nowadays except when in motion, and who can and will only read when travelling. There is also another division of this great body to be thought of—such as, from want of time or forgetfulness, have omitted to purchase the books they needed, and are, therefore, thrown upon the judgment and stock of the steamboat and railway vender for a supply of books to carry home.

As long ago as 1849 that able and sagacious journal, the *London Athenæum*, appears to have foreseen the incidents and conditions of this peculiar trade—and in its number for the 27th January of that year will be found to have written as follows:—

"The new business of bookselling which the farming of the line of the North-western Railway by Mr. Smith of the Strand is likely to open up, engages a good deal of attention in literary circles. This new shop for books will, it is thought, seriously injure many of the country booksellers, and remove at the same time a portion of the business transacted by London tradesmen. For instance, a country gentleman wishing to purchase a new book will give his order, not as heretofore, to the Lintot or Tonson of his particular district, but to the agent of the bookseller on the line of railway—the party most directly in his way. Instead of waiting,

as he was accustomed to do, till the bookseller of his village or of the nearest town can get his usual monthly parcel down from his agent in 'the Row' he will find his book at the locomotive library, and so be enabled to read the last new novel before it is a little flat, or the last new history in the same edition as the resident in London. A London gentleman hurrying from town with little time to spare will buy the book he wants at the railway station where he takes his ticket—or perhaps at the next, or third, or fourth, or at the last station (just as the fancy takes him) on his journey. It is quite possible to conceive such a final extension of this principle that the retail trade in books may end in a great monopoly: nay, instead of seeing the *imprimatur* of the Row or Albemarle street upon a book, the great recommendation hereafter may be 'Euston Square,' 'Paddington,' 'The Nine Elms, or even 'Shoreditch.' Stokers may become authors in the intervals of business; and electric wires, touched by the fingers of genius, may print a canto or a history at every station. It is told of Mickle, the translator of 'The Lusiad,' and himself a printer, that such was his facility of composition that he could compose as an author and as a printer simultaneously; in other words, that he did without what is technically called 'copy.' Whatever may be the effect to the present race of booksellers of this change in their business, it is probable that this new mart for books will raise the profits of authors. How many hours are wasted at railway stations by people well to do in the world, with a taste for books but no time to read what is new! Already it is found that the sale at these places is not confined to cheap or even ephemeral publications; that it is not the novel or light work alone that is asked for and bought."

Upon which pre-statement of the matter the same journal in a recent number (Sept. 6, 1851) comments as follows:—

"The prophecy of progress contained in the above paragraph has been fulfilled so far as the North-western and Mr. Smith are concerned. His example, however, was not infectious for other lines; and till within the last three months, when the Great Northern copied the good precedent, and entered into a contract with Mr. Smith and his son, the greenest literature in dress and in digestion was all that was offered to the wants of travellers by the directors of the South-western, the Great Western, and other trunk and branch lines with which England is intersected. A traveller in the eastern, western, and southern counties who does not bring his book with him can satisfy his love of reading only by the commonest and cheapest trash: for the pretences to the appearance of a bookseller's shop made at Waterloo, at Shoreditch, at Paddington, and at London Bridge are something ridiculous. This should not be. It says little for the public spirit of the directors of our railways that such a system should remain. Mr. Smith has, we believe, as many as thirty-five shops at railway stations, extending from London to Liverpool, Chester, and Edinburgh. His great stations are at Euston Square, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Edinburgh. He has a rolling stock of books valued at £10,000. We call his stock rolling, because he moves his wares with the inclination of his readers. If he finds a religious feeling on the rise at Bangor, he withdraws Dickens and sends down Henry of Exeter and Mr. Bennett; if a love for lighter reading is on the increase at Rugby, he withdraws Hallam and sends down Thackeray and Jerrold. He never undersells, and he gives no credit. His business is a ready-money one, and he finds it his interest to maintain the dignity of literature by resolutely refusing to admit pernicious publications among his stock. He can well afford to pay the heavy fee he does for his privilege; for his novel specula-

tion has been a decided hit—of solid advantage to himself and of permanent utility to the public."

All this is applicable, with a slight change of name and place, to our own country, and very properly raises the question of the regulation of the supply of Railway and Steamboat Reading. No books have yet appeared in this country exactly suited to this demand. An incident of the agitation of the topic in England suggests a difference in the intellectual condition of the two countries which should teach us to consider what we have done, and to stimulate us in our future endeavors. A principal circumstance in the new direction of the Literature of the Rail, is the republication, by consent of the proprietors, from the London *Times*, of an article on this subject. The article is in the usual vigorous, familiar, and masterly style of that great journal. Where in the American press can similar articles be found? The best intellect of this country, or at least the best intellect in its highest developments—has not yet found its way to the columns of our daily newspapers. Provision, more and more ample, is made for all the mechanical and business arrangements of the daily journal; but for leaders, and criticism, and correspondence, we are still immature. From the vast numbers of newspapers which pass into the hands of travellers, this is not the least important department of the Literature of the Rail—and we hope to see it so far and so rapidly advanced that before long those innumerable colleges and academies, the Car and Steamboat, will find some of its ablest Professors in the editorial chair of our daily journals.

#### MR. BARTLETT'S NILE BOAT.\*

It is no easy matter to prepare a book of travels so as to present the *juste milieu* between the grave and the gay, to blend light and shade in due proportions, neither surfeiting the reader with a too liberal apportionment of stately surloin, nor cloying him with an excess of trifle; to present a dish acceptable at the same to the savan and the general reader; and we award no small meed to Mr. Bartlett in asserting that those who are not content with the important information, judiciously lightened by a pleasant, sketchy style, an abundance of anecdote in his "Nile Boat," must be hypercritical indeed.

Voyaging from Alexandria to the Cataracts, contending at every step with a brazen brood of beggars, beseeching "bucksheesh," who assail him by sea and by land, half devoured by bugs and vermin of relentless purpose and unappeasable appetites, mixing with "Turks in splendid many-colored robes; half naked brown-skinned Arabs; glossy Negroes in loose white dresses and vermilion turbans; sordid, shabby-looking Israelites in greasy black; smart, jaunty, rakish Greeks; unkempt, unwashed Maltese ragamuffins, and Europeans of every shade of respectability," our author journeys quietly on, seeing, hearing, and recording everything worthy of note.

At Cairo, chance presents to him

#### THE LAST OF THE MAMELUKES.

"He answered remarkably well to Falstaff's description of himself—a goodly man, of faith, and a corpulent, of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or by'r Lady, inclining to

\* The Nile Boat: a Glimpse of the Land of Egypt. By W. H. Bartlett. New York: Harper & Bros.

threescore.' But it was his costume which peculiarly distinguished him from the surrounding throng. It was, in fact, the old costume of the murdered Mamelukes, the heavy turban and voluminous inexpressibles, the cloth of which alone would have furnished forth a suit for any ordinary European. The materials were costly, and the entire effect strikingly picturesque and even gorgeous."

This was Suleyman Agha, the only one of the Mamelukes who escaped the slaughter. Mehemet Ali esteemed him as a personal friend and wished to save him, but dared not intrust him with the secret of the intended massacre. While the Pasha was lamenting his death, Suleyman suddenly appeared before him, and informed him that he had escaped in the disguise of a woman. This the Pasha, after surveying carefully his portly person, refused to believe—he had never seen Hackett or Downton as Falstaff, personating the "fat woman of Brentford." To convince him, Suleyman the next day revisited his incredulous master in masquerade, and completely deceived him as to both sex and person. From that day he has been on the most cordial terms with the Pasha—now dead—and with all the principal magnates of Cairo.

With us, the "Rochester knockings" have had their day. They contended for popularity with the "Fugitive Law" and the disunion excitement, and were rather getting the better of the latter, when the "Cuba Expedition," coming in unawares, ousted them from their position.

Our author relates a story of Mrs. Poole, so very apropos to the Knockings, that we cannot pass it by unnoticed. Mrs. Poole, it appears, had hired a house in Cairo which was said to be infested by an Efrit, that delighted in proclaiming his presence by sundry and divers strange noises. "The usual sounds continued during the greater part of the night, and were generally like a heavy trampling, like the walking of a person in large clogs, varied by knocking at the doors of many of the apartments, and at the large water jars." Servants would remain but a short time in the house, and the annoyance was fast becoming intolerable, when a new doorkeeper proposed to put an end to the performances, by

#### LAYING THE DEVIL WITH A MUSKET BALL.

"The night came, and it was one of unusual darkness. We had really forgotten our recent intentions, although we were talking over the subject of the disturbances until midnight, and speculating upon the cause, in the room where my children were happily sleeping, when we were startled by a tremendous discharge of firearms, which were succeeded by the deep, hoarse voice of the doorkeeper exclaiming, 'there he lies, the accursed!' and a sound as of a creature struggling and gasping for breath. In the next moment the man called loudly to his fellow-servants, crying, 'come up, the accursed is struck down before me!' and this was followed by such mysterious sounds that we believed either a man had been shot and was in his last agony, or that our man had accidentally shot himself.

"My brother went round the gallery, while I and my sister-in-law stood, like children, trembling hand in hand, and my boys mercifully slept (as young ones do sleep) sweetly and soundly through all the confusion and distress. It appeared that the man used not only ball cartridges, but put two charges of powder, with balls, into his pistol. I will describe the event, however, in his own words:—'The Efrit passed me in the gallery and repassed me, when I thus addressed it, "Shall we quit this house or will

you do so?" "You shall quit it," he answered; and passing me again, he threw dust into my right eye. This proved it was a devil," continued the man, "and I wrapped my cloak around me and watched the spectre as it receded. It stopped in that corner, and I observed its appearance attentively. It was tall, and perfectly white. I stooped, and before I moved again discharged my pistol, which I had before concealed, and the accursed was struck down before me, and here are the remains.' So saying he picked up a small burned mass, which my brother showed us afterwards, resembling more the sole of a shoe than anything else, but perforated by fire in several places, and literally burned to a cinder. This, the man asserted, was always the relic when a devil was destroyed, and it lay on the ground under a part of the wall where the bullets had entered. The noise which succeeded the report, and which filled me with horror, is and must ever remain a mystery. On the following morning we closely examined the spot, and found nothing that could throw light on the subject. The burned remains do not help us to a conclusion; one thing, however, I cannot but believe, that some one who had personated the spirit suffered some injury, and that the darkness favored his escape."

We must leave it to our readers' judgment to believe as much of this wonderful tale as they may please.

Mr. Bartlett's admirable illustrations of Ptolemaic and Pharaonic monuments, and the views of Cairo, Alexandria, Thebes, &c., are faithful copies from originals taken by the Camera Lucida.

#### LORD'S EPOCH OF CREATION.\*

It may appear useless to attempt to expose the errors of a book, any portion of which is the best possible refutation of itself. But the coolness with which exploded views are received, and false ones presented, would doubtless have some influence among a large class who, from being devoted to other pursuits, have not had leisure to examine into the true state of the so-called opposition of "Geological Theory" with Scripture Doctrine.

First, for the Introduction. The allusion (p. xiv.) to the oft-repeated story of Galileo comes with a bad grace from men who, while pushing the spirit of persecution to the utmost limits permitted by the usages of modern society, assure us that they must not be confounded with the "ignorant, bigoted, and persecuting priests of a dark age." No, surely not! These priests were ignorant when but little was known; and with a caution, which at least proves superior judgment, they have ever since avoided placing themselves at variance with students of nature. This one lesson (admitting the truth of the commonly received account) was sufficient, and they have never needed a second.

We infer (p. xvi.) that geologists are considered as materialists, and that their object is "to relieve us from the necessity of admitting some supernatural agency in the beginning." How true this is, a reference to any English or American work of science will immediately show. Fighting thus against a defunct shadow of German materialism, laboring hand in hand to set up an idol which they style "Geological Theory," author and editor proceed, idolaters and iconoclasts by turn, to overthrow the phantom they have evoked. We are met (p. v.) by the naive

\* The Epoch of Creation. The Scripture Doctrine contrasted with Geological Theory. By Eliezer Lord With an Introduction by Richard W. Dickinson, D.D.



confession that the work is written "to disarm the force of gratuitous theories over those who have had but little acquaintance with the subject in its true aspects or relations." Who these are who have "but little acquaintance with the subject" is easily enough perceived from the constantly repeated cautions against deriving any inferences from physical observations, unless they are supported and substantiated by the "Inspired Record." It would be satisfactory to know what effect the author's book has produced on his own mind.

We beg pardon for occupying so much time and space with the introduction; but emanating as it does from the authority of a D.D., and thus recognised by the highest authority of a church, its errors call for a more extended notice than would anything proceeding from a lower source.

We will now dismiss the author as briefly as possible; for obviously a man who asserts in the most positive terms that "Geological Theory" "assumes (p. 107) that there were above the lower level of the first horizontal layer primitive rocks enough to supply the entire mass of sedimentary matter," or (p. 132) "that at the end of the so-called dynasty of fishes, these creatures 'degenerated and died out,'" or (p. 185) that the doctrine of successive creations rests on an imagined increase of perfection in the fossil animals found in successive strata; or (p. 99) that the whole mass of sedimentary matter was deposited without any alteration of level, so that (p. 234) the animals to be fossilized must sink to the distance which the stratum is from the top of the entire aggregate of all formations; or (p. 220) imagines the necessity of a special miracle to cause gases of different densities to mingle—such a man, we say, is so ignorant of the elements of physical science as to be incapable of expressing any opinion on subjects connected with them.

Or when, with a degree of stultification rarely equalled, our author reasons (p. 132 *et seq.*) about fishes, reptiles, birds, and mammals as if they were obscure genera, succeeding each other, one of which is introduced only on the extinction of the other; or (p. 103) about sedimentary formations, as if they were uniformly aggregated to the thickness of ten miles; or (p. 187) asserts that pebbles are not formed from fragments of rocks, because "they are not granite;" or (188) cannot appreciate the difference between a crystal and a pebble, or between the latter and a flint nodule, is evidently unworthy of a moment's attention.

The following (p. 185) is another evidence of the truth with which he states facts. Speaking of the succession of animals—"But the progress of observation and research has demonstrated the non-existence of any such succession. Not only is it demonstrated \* \* \* that the pretended products of successive creations, instead of being deposited in a series separately from each other, are mingled together to such an extent as to take away all support from this source, to the hypothesis of the extinction of species successively, to make room for the creation of new ones."

Should any one, after the exposure of such gross errors, persist in reading the book, let him do it with this distinct caveat.

Whenever a proposition or series of propositions is introduced by a phrase (p. 204) like the following—"Is it not notorious, and among the things admitted and alleged

by geologists of the greatest name"—to all such propositions a most absolute and unqualified negative must be given; they having never been asserted, or even tacitly admitted by any one possessing the least knowledge of the works of nature; but on the contrary most strenuously denied, whenever they have been referred to.

#### MURDOCK'S SYRIAC NEW TESTAMENT.\*

THE Syriac version of the New Testament, styled the Peshito (i. e. simple, plain), is highly esteemed by Biblical scholars as the oldest and best of the ancient versions. It is generally conceded to have been produced as early as the second century, while some respectable authorities have placed it as high as the first. As to its character, that excellent Syriac scholar, J. D. Michaelis, says: "It is true that the Syriac version, like all human productions, is not destitute of faults, and, what is not to be regarded as a blemish, differs frequently from the modern mode of explanation. But I know of none that is so free from error, and none that I consult with so much confidence in case of difficulty and doubt. I have never met with a single instance where the Greek is so interpreted as to betray any weakness or ignorance in the translator; and though in many other translations the original is rendered in so extraordinary a manner as almost to excite a smile, the Syriac version must be read with profound veneration."

Dr. Murdock favors us in his Preface with a brief account of his undertaking. In January, 1845, he commenced a regular perusal of the Peshito Syriac New Testament. He became so delighted with the simple elegance of the style, and with the full comprehension which its author seemed to have of the force and meaning of the original, that he resolved to impart to others as much as was practicable of the pleasure and advantage he himself had enjoyed. He began his translation in August, 1845, and completed it in June, 1846. He continued, however, to revise and correct it; and for the sake of improving it as he found opportunity, he pursued the study of the Syriac language and literature for more than four years. The rules observed in his translation are the following:

"1. To translate as literally as possible in consistence with idiomatic and perspicuous English.

"2. To use Saxon phraseology in preference to Latin, as better according with the spirit of the Peshito original.

"3. To adopt the obsolescent and solemn style of the English Bible, e. g., *thou speakest, he speaketh, ye speak*, instead of *you speak, he speaks, &c.*, as more seemly for this Holy Book.

"4. To write the proper names of persons and places which are mentioned in the Old Testament as they are written in our English Old Testament; and those which occur only in the New Testament, as they are written in our English New Testament.

"5. In general to avoid using technical theological terms, when good substitutes could be found, in order to call away attention from the word to the thing.

"6. To translate idiomatic phrases not fully naturalized in the English language by

\* The New Testament, or the Book of the Holy Gospel of our Lord and our God, Jesus the Messiah. A literal translation from the Syriac Peshito Version, By James Murdock, D. D. New York: Stanford and Swords, 1851, pp. 324.

equivalent English phrases, and not to transfer them in their foreign costume."

To the translation are added two valuable Appendixes: one containing the distribution of the Syriac New Testament into Lessons, as used in the public worship; and the other dissertations on the Syriac translations of the Scriptures, their character and contents, the time and place in which they were produced, their authors, &c. &c.

Those who are acquainted with the writings and reputation of the learned translator of Mosheim will not need to be assured that everything which ripe erudition and conscientious accuracy could effect has been done to render the work worthy of acceptance. It is quite as close to the original, and is written in a far more elegant and unaffected style than the translation of Dr. Etheridge. It has also the merit of being, as we believe, the first production of Syriac scholarship ever published in this country.

It is to be regretted that the author's desire to make up a complete New Testament has led him to insert those books (2 Peter, 2 and 3 John, Jude, and the Apocalypse) which do not exist in the Peshito version, and whose absence from it is an important fact as regards the history of the formation of the canon. If admitted, they should have been plainly distinguished from the rest by being printed in a different type, or at least included in brackets, as has been done with the famous interpolation of "the three witnesses." 1 John v. 7. In this respect Dr. Etheridge has, we think, acted more judiciously, he having placed the omitted books at the end of his translation in the form of an Appendix, with a separate Introduction.

This translation will be exceedingly useful to the student of the Syriac version; as the Latin translation of the Polyglotts, apart from the difficulty of using them, owing to the language and the unwieldy form in which they are printed, are known to be very defective; while those who desire to consult the renderings of this venerable version without the toil of studying the Syriac, can rely on having before them a faithful representation of its meaning.

The typographical execution of the book is uncommonly elegant.

*The Indications of the Creator; or, the Natural Evidences of a Final Cause.* By George Taylor. New York: Charles Scribner.—A treatise on the design and power of God as shown by the facts of astronomy, geology, physiology, and physical geography. There is nothing new in the book, but the author is familiar with the advanced progress of the natural sciences, and has shown tact and skill in the use of his knowledge. Much of the book is unnecessarily taken up with a refutation of the vanished development theory of Lamarck, a theory that has been often triumphantly refuted, and against which the author, as indeed there is no occasion, has no new argument to offer. The theory is met by the usual statement of those facts which refute it, such as the revolution by the larger telescopes, of the nebulae into existing stars, and the coexistence of superior with inferior animals in the earliest geological formations of the earth.

*The Laws of Health, in Relation to Mind and Body.* By Lionel John Beale, M.R., C.S. Phila.: Blanchard & Lea.—The well established laws of health in regard to breathing, eating, and drinking, exercising, sleeping, and thinking, laid down and commented upon in an intelligible manner, free from technicalities. As long as mankind continue to disobey the laws of

health, so long books of this kind will be appropriate and desirable. The book is a reprint from an English work.

*The Beauties and Deformities of Tobacco Using, &c.* By L. B. Coles, M.D. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.—This is a tirade against the use of tobacco in its various forms of snuff, the cud, and the cigar. It is exaggerated in its statements, and rude in its language. The book defeats its own purpose, for its exaggerations are so beyond the truth, that no one will believe what the experience of every day denies. The use of tobacco is not a common cause of severe disease, and we believe that it can be moderately indulged in with perfect impunity. If the use of tobacco was as fruitful a cause of disease and death as the author pretends that it is, there would be a marked difference between the prevalence of such disease, and the length of life among those who use tobacco and them who do not; between men and women, for instance, and there is no fact to prove such a difference. The book is in a tone of vulgar, noisy declamation, coarse and illiterate in style.

*Poetry of Observation; and other Poems.* By William Asbury Kenyon. Crosby & Nichols.—The title of the chief poem in this volume reminds us of Dr. Johnson's opening of *The Vanity of Human Wishes*—

Let observation with extensive view,  
Survey mankind, from China to Peru—

which Horace Walpole (we think it was) said was an instance of triptology, equivalent to saying the same thing three times; i. e. "let observation with extensive observation observe mankind," &c. But here the comparison ceases. Mr. Kenyon's prosaic blank verse bears no resemblance to the great moralist's terse and weighty heroic measure. We think he would have done better to have followed the New England standard for poems of this description, in elaborate and polished rhyme; or simple prose would have been quite adequate to the expression of the author's emotions.

*The Bible in the Family; or, Hints on Domestic Happiness.* By H. A. Boardman, Pastor of the Tenth Presbyterian Church. Phila.: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.—A series of useful and well-executed discourses for the guidance of the family and private life, addressed by the author to his congregation. Their speciality in the detail of the moral and practical conduct of the household have induced their publication. They may be generally read with interest and advantage. The lecture on the Conjugal Relations is happily handled. The Appendix is a Discourse on the Character of the Legal Profession, in which due prominence is given to this important rank, with a tribute to the memory of Charles Chauncey, a member of the Philadelphia bar.

Joseph Mogridge, Phila., has published a new edition of "*A Comprehensive Summary of Universal History*," &c., on the basis of Mangnall's Historical Questions, a useful work of general information, with a deserved prominence given to Almerian history and biography.

Ticknor & Co. have issued a fourth edition of Mr. Lowell's *Vision of Sir Launfal*, a poem already commented upon, on its first appearance, in this journal.

Dewitt & Davenport have published "*Matilda Montgomerie; or, the Prophecy Fulfilled: a Tale of the late American War.*" By Major Richardson, Knight of the Order of St. Ferdinand. A sequel to the author's "*Wacousta*."

Bunnell & Price, a new house in Fulton street, issue the third American edition of "*The Doctrine of the Cross*," a personal religious memorial of female heroism, introduced to the American reader by a preface from the Rev. John Dowdney, of St. James's Church.

*A Sketch of the Labors, Sufferings, and Death of the Rev. Adoniram Judson, D.D.*—A neat pocket volume by the Rev. A. D. Gillette, of the Baptist Church, and published by Daniels & Smith, Phila.

*Lossing's Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution.* No. 17.—The execution of André, and the scenes connected with the Battle of Trenton are the leading subjects of this number. The letter-press and illustrations are executed with Mr. L.'s accustomed good taste and industry.

*Harpers' Magazine.* October.—This number, with the continuation of Abbott's "*Napoleon*," has a richly illustrated article on the manners and customs of Lima, with a spirited chapter, "*The Town-ho's Story*," from Mr. Melville's forthcoming book.

#### HISTORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

As the *Book of Mormon*, or *Golden Bible* (as it was originally called), has excited much attention, and is deemed by a certain new sect of equal authority with the sacred Scriptures, I think it a duty which I owe to the public to state what I know touching its origin. \* \* \* Solomon Spaulding, to whom I was united in marriage in early life, was a graduate of Dartmouth College, and was distinguished for a lively imagination and a great fondness for history. At the time of our marriage he resided in Cherry Valley, New York. From this place we removed to New Salem, Ashtabula county, Ohio, sometimes called Conneaut, as it is situated on Conneaut Creek. Shortly after our removal to this place his health sunk, and he was laid aside from active labors. In the town of New Salem there are numerous mounds and forts supposed by many to be the dilapidated dwellings and fortifications of a race now extinct. These ancient relics arrest the attention of the new settlers, and become objects of research for the curious. Numerous implements were found and other articles evincing great skill in the arts. Mr. Spaulding being an educated man and passionately fond of history, took a lively interest in these developments of antiquity; and in order to beguile the hours of retirement and furnish employment for his imagination, he conceived the idea of giving an historical sketch of this long-lost race. Their extreme antiquity led him to write in the most ancient style, and as the Old Testament is the most ancient book in the world, he imitated its style as nearly as possible. His sole object in writing this imaginary history was to amuse himself and his neighbors. This was about the year 1812. Hull's surrender at Detroit occurred near the same time, and I recollect the date well from that circumstance. As he progressed in his narrative, his neighbors would come in occasionally to hear portions read, and a great interest in the work was excited among them. It claimed to have been written by one of the lost nation, and to have been recovered from the earth, and assumed the title of "*Manuscript Found*." The neighbors would often inquire how Mr. Spaulding progressed in deciphering the manuscript; and when he had a sufficient portion prepared, he would inform them, and they would assemble to hear it read. He was enabled, from his acquaintance with the classics and ancient history, to introduce many singular names, which were particularly noticed by the people, and could be easily recognized by them. Mr. Solomon Spaulding had a brother, Mr. John Spaulding, residing in the place at the time, who was

perfectly familiar with the work, and repeatedly heard the whole of it read. From New Salem we removed to Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania. Here Mr. Spaulding found a friend and acquaintance in the person of Mr. Patterson, an editor of a newspaper. He exhibited his manuscript to Mr. Patterson who was much pleased with it, and borrowed it for perusal. He retained it for a long time, and informed Mr. Spaulding that if he would make out a title page and preface he would publish it, and it might be a source of profit. This Mr. Spaulding refused to do. Sidney Rigdon, who has figured so largely in the history of the Mormons, was at that time connected with the printing office of Mr. Patterson, as is well known in that region, and as Rigdon himself has frequently stated, became acquainted with Mr. Spaulding's manuscript, and copied it. It was a matter of notoriety and interest to all connected with the printing establishment. At length the manuscript was returned to its author, and soon after we removed to Amity, Washington county, &c., where Mr. Spaulding deceased in 1816. The manuscript then fell into my hands, and was carefully preserved. It has frequently been examined by my daughter, Mrs. McKenstry, of Monson, Massachusetts, with whom I now reside, and by other friends. After the book of Mormon came out a copy of it was taken to New Salem, the place of Mr. Spaulding's former residence, and the very place where the manuscript found was written. A woman preacher appointed a meeting there, and in the meeting read and repeated copious extracts from the book of Mormon. The historical part was immediately recognised by the older inhabitants as the identical work of Mr. Spaulding, in which they had all been so deeply interested years before. Mr. John Spaulding was present, and recognized perfectly the work of his brother. He was amazed and afflicted that it should have been perverted to so wicked a purpose. His grief found vent in a flood of tears, and he arose on the spot and expressed to the meeting his sorrow and regret that the writings of his deceased brother should be used for a purpose so vile and shocking. The excitement in New Salem became so great that the inhabitants had a meeting, and deputed Dr. Philastus Hurlbut, one of their number, to repair to this place, and to obtain from me the original manuscript of Mr. Spaulding, for the purpose of comparing it with the Mormon Bible, to satisfy their own minds, and to prevent their friends from embracing an error so delusive. This was in the year 1834. Dr. Hurlbut brought with him an introduction and request for the manuscript, which was signed by Messrs. Henry Lake, Aaron Wright, and others, with all of whom I was acquainted, as they were my neighbors when I resided at New Salem. I am sure that nothing would grieve my husband more, were he living, than the use which has been made of his work. The air of antiquity which was thrown about the composition doubtless suggested the idea of converting it to the purposes of delusion. Thus an historical romance, with the addition of a few pious expressions, and extracts from the sacred Scriptures, has been construed into a new Bible, and palmed off upon a company of poor deluded fanatics as Divine.—*The Mormons; or, Latter-day Saints.*



## A PARISIAN HORSE CASE.

THE law courts are about to be occupied with the most curious case which has ever come before justice since the mediæval ages. The rank and station of the parties concerned, the celebrity of the advocates engaged, and the subject under dispute, are all calculated to give universal interest to the cause. It seems that some time ago the Prince de M— became the purchaser of a famous horse, whose progenitor had once formed the brightest ornament of the *haras* of the Duke of Orleans. The steed in question, which had been destined to display the Prince's graceful horsemanship before the Parisian belles in the Bois de Boulogne, was most carefully trained and most severely educated. He was pronounced by connoisseurs to be invaluable, from the beauty of his form and the grace of his paces, and numerous were the amateurs who flocked down to Viroflay to behold the paragon which the Prince had vaunted in the *beau monde* so loudly and so long. It became, however, a matter of some surprise that, with all the boasted excellences of the Prince's favorite, the animal never appeared either on the race course or the promenade; that while other coursers of infinitely less renown were daily establishing their fame and winning more solid advantages for their masters, this wondrous animal, by name Fontenoy, had never yet once entered the lists. By degrees the prestige inspired by admiration of the creature's undoubted beauty and apparent courage began, however, to wear off, and doubts were expressed as to the real intrinsic value of a horse about which so much mystery was made. Bets of course were laid as to the final result of all this care, and the disputants ended by proposing a match to the Prince which he could not refuse under any pretext whatever. It was then that, pressed and harassed on all sides, the unhappy owner of the envied treasure was fain to confess that the steed upon which he had fixed such anticipations of success and fame, which had cost him, moreover, such vast sums for board, lodging, and instruction, was in reality of no more value than the veriest drudge employed in the streets of Paris; that ever since the death of the English groom who had been in the habit of tending him the creature had seemed to take the whole human race *engrippe*, and had never suffered another being wearing the human face divine to bestride him, to drive, or command him in any way whatever. The Prince concluded this melancholy tale by declaring that, so great was his annoyance at the circumstance, he would give the sum of fifty thousand francs to any one who could tame the fury of Fontenoy without impairing his value. Many aspirants of course presented themselves; many were the propositions made to the Prince, and many trials accorded; but up to the beginning of last month no success had been obtained, and the competitors had all withdrawn in disgust, when the Baron de S—, well known in the sporting circles of the Continent, declared that he was disposed to try for the sum offered by the Prince. Accordingly, a day was fixed for the display of the Baron's skill, the trial of which was to take place in the ground belonging to the President's stables. All sporting Paris was assembled to behold the result, as the Baron had spoken with such confident security of his success that doubts were giving way to cu-

riosity concerning the means to be employed. At the hour appointed the Baron appeared on the ground, seemingly careless and certain of the result. The steed awaited him in one of the stables which surround the ground. It was observed that the Baron was accompanied by an individual bearing the appearance of a mechanic, whose rough beard and unkempt locks of reddish hue bespoke him of the land beyond the Rhine. As the clock over the gateway struck the hour the stable door was opened, and out rushed the furious steed led by a halter, kicking, prancing, and foaming as usual. A lane was formed, up which the groom in charge of the wild animal advanced, with pallid face and streaming forehead. At the end stood the Baron, seemingly calm and fearless, while the lookers-on were full of terror. The steed drew near, but the Baron moved not. At a sign the groom let go the halter, and the animal knowing no restraint, reared upon his hind legs, sporting with rage. His hoofs were even with the Baron's face, and still he moved not. Presently, as a loud cry from the bystanders announced the mortal danger in which the Baron stood, the coarse, uncombed individual we have mentioned darted suddenly forward, and placing himself before the furious brute looked at him steadily, and advanced a few paces, pointing his finger towards him. On the instant the creature paused, and sank to the earth trembling in every limb, his head dropped, and sweat burst from his hide in thick flakes. To the astonishment of the assembly the man leapt upon his back and trotted soberly round the enclosure several times, then led him to the stable, where he suffered himself to be carressed and patted by the whole company, who were loud in their expressions of admiration at the skill of the horse-tamer, and in their congratulations to the owner of the horse. The fifty thousand francs were paid on the instant; the unwashed individual was of course questioned and cross-questioned, but he denied having any secret to disclose, and said that many of his countrymen were endowed with the same gift. His name is Frantz Valdeck, and he comes from Goslar, in the Hartz. He has been suffered to depart well laden with compliments, for money he never receives; and now it appears that the fiery steed has been so well tamed by his mysterious art that he is utterly valueless, his spirit broken, and his courage gone! The question at issue is now to obtain from the Baron restitution of the fifty thousand francs, besides damages for the injuries done to the horse. Jules Favre is said to be engaged for the defence; his belief in the omnipotence of magnetism, his power of illustration, will lend the most intense interest to his pleading; and they say that he has already convoked a consultation of all the great magnetizers, both French and English, to aid him by their testimony.—*Paris Correspondence London Atlas.*

## MUSIC.

THE first Concert given by Miss Hayes to an American audience took place on Tuesday last. Tripler Hall was the scene of most enthusiastic demonstration on the part of the lady's friends, well mustered in great force, cheering her vehemently from the moment of her entrance to the close of the concert. It is hardly fair, therefore, to judge of the impression Miss Hayes will make upon

New York, by the unrestrained devotion of a first night. She seems to possess a fine natural voice, which has been assiduously trained; and though we trace many of the defects of English singers in her delivery, as for instance, her faulty enunciation, her powers of expression, joined to personal advantages, justify us in fully crediting the success she meets with on the stage. Her voice was doubtless a mezzo soprano originally, which she has extended both above and below, without apparently injuring its quality. Her lower notes are clear and strong, and the most expressive throughout the vocal range. The aria first sung by her was well chosen, both for its own sake and Miss Hayes's rendering of it. It was the beautiful "Ah! mon fils," from Meyerbeer's "Prophete," and it was indeed finely sung. It was the gem of the evening, and raised our expectations to the highest, by the skill with which its physical difficulties were overcome, and still more by the musicianly feeling, and conscientious submission to the composer, which were admirable throughout. Anticipating so much, we were therefore greatly disappointed when we found we had heard the best. The programme comprised two or three ballads, and "Ah! non giunge" as Miss Hayes's share. Of these, "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls" was the best specimen of this lady's ballad singing, but in our opinion it is not her forte. Her expression is frequently intensified to such a degree that the meaning is lost, and where simplicity and truth are most required, there they are wanting. The finale from *La Sonnambula* was given with a certain grace and finish, but wanted brilliancy in our ears. There is no doubt, however, that Miss Hayes possesses musical advantages of a high order; her demeanor also, during the ordeal of a first appearance, was in a great degree ladylike and unaffected. Herr Mengis owns a good baritone voice, and sings with that vigor and heartiness which always please the audience. The duet with Mr. A. Braham was excellently sung. This latter gentleman possesses a tenor of much sweetness and evenness of quality. The ballads he gave were sung with feeling and quiet earnestness. Mme. Bertucca Maretzek performed on the harp in her customary graceful style; but the heat of the room affected her instrument too much to enable her to do herself justice. On Thursday evening Miss Hayes's second concert was given, which was well attended. The third takes place on Saturday, when the programme of the former occasion will be repeated.

It is said, as a report from England, that Mademoiselle Lind thinks of performing in opera at Castle Garden, before leaving America. This is more, we fear, than can be reasonably hoped for. Less questionable may be the promise of a visit from Mme. Sontag during the coming year, in company with M. Listz and M. Ernst.

## VARIETIES.

SKETCH OF THE MERSEY.—(From the History of John Drayton, a Liverpool Engineer.)—It was now about seven o'clock when they reached one of the great piers outside the dock gates, and walked there to and fro looking out upon the broad Mersey. Far down, towards the mouth of the river, ships innumerable lingered about the Cheshire shore; here opposite, they went and came like passengers in a street. Stately brig or schooner here and there moved down, with now and then a bend, like the alight curtesy

of some graceful ball-room beauty; little alert steamers flashed back and forward from shore to shore; heavy sloops and barges lay still on the water, with the great red-barked sail flapping disconsolately for want of wind; and yonder a strange sight—a great sea athlete, with its cordage bare as winter trees, and its three tall masts helplessly appealing to the sky, pounced upon and carried off by a little steaming, snorting demon, about as long as the victim's bowsprit. The one a majestic ship, A 1, freighted with many hundred souls, written of in newspapers, its name tremulously laid up in hearts; and the song of the sailors, clustering like bees, comes pleasantly over the river, as they heave up the heavy anchor, slowly swinging by the great vessel's side. The other is a steam-tug, with one man at the helm and another on the paddle-box, and a third expatiating idly on the deck, while some black intelligences in the engine-room keep the ogre there in play; but helplessly, hopelessly, and in desponding silence, for now the yo heave ho! has ceased, the noble ship glides through the water, in the wake of the small exultant demon, as it flies through the churned waves with its snort of triumph. Cowed and trembling looks the giant victim; swift and silent rushes on the elfin captor. Prosaic owners call this little spirit the Mary Agnes. The Mary Agnes! One feels it should be the Fate, or the Retribution, or the Terrible, or some of these stern, grim, old men-of-war names, as on with demonic speed and silence it carries off its prey out to the wide sea, to leave it there to all the chances of peril and shipwreck; and one feels a thrill of awe, as they pass away out from the shadow of the guarding rock and peaceful river to the great water where ships are wrecked and men disappear to be seen no more. For by and by the spirit comes back out of infinity where its victim is lost, and carries off another and another, and all hopelessly submit; great, noble, majestic, material form; small, invincible, created spirit, there can be no contest between the twin.

**SCENERY OF THE COAST OF THE BLACK SEA.**—I forbear giving way to descriptions, that could say nothing of the glorious natural spectacles which the coast, beheld from out at sea, afforded in luxurious abundance. The foaming breakers, the rocky banks, the impenetrable woods, losing themselves in endless distance; the ranges of hills, with their many tints and leafy crowns; and behind them all the great mountain-chain, with its incessantly shifting play of colors. Here, unless a perfectly serene day, such as April seldom offers, secures a clear and steady view, all is continual change. A dense mist, concealing all things, is often drawn before the peering eye; and vainly does the baffled sense then seek for a relieving point of vision; until a sun-glance rends the ashen veil, and a shining beam, like a golden magic wand, charms into sight a world of beauty; and wood, hill, and glacier are gleaming in new splendor around.—*Bodenstedt's Thousand and One Days in the Morning Land.*

**NEW COSTUME FOR LADIES.**—The following paragraph, extracted from a London paper (November, 1794), would lead to the conclusion that the agitation regarding costume now going on in America is not entirely novel; the Turkish fashion having been introduced unsuccessfully into this metropolis in the last century:—"The young ladies of *haut ton*, who have invented *Turkish* fashions, will not be surprised if their husbands should follow their example, and adopt the *Turkish taste for variety*. No man of sense can be long attached to such absurdity!"—*Notes and Queries.*

**NOBLE REPLY OF A CIRCASSIAN CHIEF.**—"Surrender!" was the summons of General Rosen to Hamsad Boy, "surrender! resistance is in vain: the hosts which I bring against you are numberless as the sands on the sea-shore!"

"But my hosts," was the answer, "are like the waves of the sea, which wash away the sand!"—*Bodenstedt's Thousand and One Days in the Morning Land.*

**ANECDOTE OF CURRAN.**—During one of the circuits, Curran was dining with a brother advocate at a small inn kept by a respectable woman, who, to the well ordering of her establishment, added a reputation for that species of apt and keen reply which sometimes supplies the place of wit. The dinner had been well served, the wine was pronounced excellent, and it was proposed that the hostess should be summoned to receive their compliments on her good fare. The christian name of this purveyor was Honoria, a name of common occurrence in Ireland, but which is generally abbreviated to that of Honor. Her attendance was prompt, and Curran, after a brief eulogium on the dinner, but especially the wine, filled a bumper, and, handing her it, proposed as a toast, "Honor and Honesty." His auditor took the glass, and, with a peculiarly arch smile, said, "Our absent friends," and, having drank off her amended toast, she curteeyed and withdrew.—*Notes and Queries.*

**AN ACCOMMODATING SON OF SOLOMON.**—When I once asked the wise man of Gjandsha how he could reconcile it with his principles to stand in friendly relations to so many faithful priests and learned scribes, as well as the sect of the Sunnites as of the sect of the Shiites, he replied, "How unwisely thou speakest, O youth! what are the sects and schisms of the Church to me? Every flock will have its shepherd and every congregation its preacher; everybody manages his business in his own way, for man will live. The wise must rather adapt themselves to the foolish, than the foolish to the wise; for the foolish are many and the wise are few. The merchant praises his merchandise, and men buy thereof according to their need; the Mullah praises the streamful gardens of Paradise, and men believe therein according to their need. But if the merchant would say, my merchandise is bad, he would become a beggar, and lose his customers. The customers, however, would not go bare for that, but would buy their merchandise of other sellers. And if the Mullah should say, my doctrine is false, the foolish would stone him, and put another in his place. The more he accommodates himself to their folly so much the more do they esteem him. Only by little and little does truth find its way among men; only by degrees does the seed germinate and bear fruit. But shall one kindle no lamp because the sun does not shine at night? Shall one reproach intelligence because it must live at the cost of unintelligence? What says Saadi: 'Shall one complain of the beautiful light of Heaven because the bat cannot abide the sun-ray? Rather let a thousand eyes of bats be blinded than that the sun should on their account be darkened!'"—*Bodenstedt's Thousand and One Days in the Morning Land.*

**JAMES II.'S NATURAL SON THE DUKE DE BERWICK AND ALVA.**—A sword amongst the Spanish jewels in the Great Exhibition is said to be ordered by "S. E. Jacques Stuart, Duc de Berwick and Alva." Is this a descendant of James II.'s illegitimate son, the Duke of Berwick? and, if so, can any of your correspondents give me any information as to his descent, &c.?—*Notes and Queries.*

**A NICE DISTINCTION.**—During the last revolution a certain great firm in Malaga made a contract with the coast-guard to allow a valuable cargo of English manufactures to be landed at a given point. The sum proposed (£2,000) was accepted; the troops were carefully directed to other points, and the landing was safely effected. The goods were now placed in boxes used for raisins, and the proprietor appeared with his string of mules at the gates of Malaga. But here the unlucky merchant was taken aside and informed that the stipulation was only for land-

ing, and not for delivering goods, or allowing them to be delivered, in Malaga, and that he must, therefore, not only forfeit his £2,000, but also submit to see his whole cargo confiscated.—*The Shores and Islands of the Mediterranean.*

**A CIVILIZED CONDOR.**—In Vaparaíso I first saw a condor. The one in question had been a constant resident in and about the port for a considerable time. Nobody, however, knew how he came there; but it seems that he came of his own accord, and settled in those parts. He never got out of the way for any one, but might be seen basking in the sun at the corner of the butcher's shop at the port, day after day, quite a Diogenes. Sometimes he would go away, I suppose to visit his friends for a day or two, but always returned to his old post at the butcher's. He was of a dusty lead color, bare about the head and neck, and stood a yard high; his beak and claws were formidable in the extreme, and altogether he seemed an ugly customer to attack. I noticed that the dogs always gave him a very wide berth.—*Recollections of a Ramble from Sydney to Southampton.*

**SNAKES' ANTIPATHY TO FIRE.**—There is in Brazil a very common poisonous snake, the Surucucu (*Trigonocephalus rhombatus*), respecting which the Matutos and Sertanejos, the inhabitants of the interior, relate the following facts:—"They say that such is the antipathy of this reptile to fire, that when fires are made in clearing away of woods, they rush into it, scattering it with their tails till it is extinguished, even becoming half roasted in the attempt; and that when an individual is passing at night with a torch, they pass and repass him, lashing him with their tails till he drop it, and the snake is immediately found closely coiled round the extinguished torch. The greatest enemy of this snake is an immense Lacertian, five and six feet long, the Tiju-ucu (the great lizard, its name in the Lingoa geral). It is said that, when the snake succeeds in effecting a bite, the lizard rushes into the wood, eats some herb, and returns to the conflict, which almost invariably terminates in its favor."—*JOHN MANLEY. Pernambuco, June 30, 1851.—Notes and Queries.*

**SYRIAN NOTIONS OF MEDICAL SKILL.**—A doctor is thought nothing of here unless he resorts to violent remedies. I was told a curious anecdote of a *soi disant* doctor, who acquired a great reputation in Beilan. He was much given to administering emetics, and having a very delicate patient, resorted as usual to this method of cure, leaving in the hands of the patient's brother three strong doses of emetic, which he directed should be administered at intervals of three hours. The brother, finding the first powder had no immediate effect, gave the unfortunate invalid the remaining two within five minutes. The result was violent sickness, succeeded by spasms and cramp, which, in a few hours terminated fatally. Next day the doctor was astonished to learn, on inquiry, that his patient was dead, and evinced his concern in his face. "Never mind," said the brother, "it was so fated; but, Mashalla! you are a great doctor: the medicine you gave never ceased operating till the moment of my brother's death. It was a fine medicine, and if it couldn't cure him nothing earthly could."—*Neale's Eight Years in Syria.*

**NOVEL MODE OF BANISHING BUGS.**—At night, when taking my usual walk on deck, I was surprised to hear a great fuss in the half-deck, occupied by the women passengers. On going down to discover the cause, I found Nicolas, the boy, (his great, flat, frying-pan face on the stretch of a grin), holding a candle in each hand, whilst the women were as busy as possible catching bugs. I never heard such a bustle in all my life: *Ave Marias, Purissimas, Santissimas*, and calling on all the saints and saintesses they could think of, together with *malditos, diabolos, and demonios*, all jumbled together in the same breath; I never before heard such a queer mix-



ture of praying and swearing. All of a sudden one of the women seemed to be struck with an idea, out she jumped from her bed, ran to her box, and from thence pulled a little image of Saint Antonio, and having got into her berth again, stuck this figure up on the pillow, and gravely assured me that this would effectually frighten the *chinchas* away; but I had not much faith in St. Anthony, for on returning an hour afterwards I found her as busy as ever at the hunt.—*Recollections of a Ramble from Sydney to Southampton.*

**DEPREDATORS IN THE GROTTO: A DARK RUSE.** The inhabitants of Arta speak with astonishment of an English lady who had visited the cave, and who, contrary to the advice of the guides, rode up the perilous ascent to its entrance on horseback, a thing never done, or even attempted by any other person within the memory of man. The exploit of the Englishman before mentioned reminds me of what took place in our own country some years ago. There is in a certain western county, and on the estate of a nobleman, a cave in the side of a hill which is very beautiful; it is coated with the stalactites of arragonite, and, as that mineral is not common, those who visited the cave frequently broke off some of the most ornamental crystals, and carried them away as valuable trophies. The noble lord to whom the cave belonged, in order to prevent this, built a wall before the entrance, and had a door made with a lock to keep out depredators. An old servant who lived about a mile off had charge of the key, and those who wished to see the wonders of the cavern were obliged to have recourse to this man, who thus made a kind of benefice of it. He provided flint and steel, tinder, candles, and all other requisites for exploring, charging for them and his own trouble according to a tariff rather higher, perhaps, than would have been sanctioned by free-trade. It happened once that a party of gentlemen, men of rank, learning, and fortune, started on an expedition to explore this cave, and, if possible, to obtain, in despite of the dragon, a few crystals of arragonite. They went to the grasping old janitor, and he, with his usual load and more than his usual politeness, accompanied them. As the party proceeded their talk was of geology and chemistry and all the cognate sciences. "See," said an M.D., as he stooped down by the side of a brook, "here is native sulphur; let us see if it is pure enough to burn; lend me your flint and steel, my good man, and the tinder-box." The materials were produced, but in the act of striking a light, the box was precipitated into the brook! The ill-humor of the door-keeper burst forth at once: "Now I must go back and get some fresh tinder; we are close to the cave, and I have two miles to walk." "No, no," said the doctor; "I have tinder with me," and, producing some German tinder, he restored good humor by igniting it by means of a brass cylinder and piston, which acted by the sudden compression of air. When they were fairly within the cave, it was found that the German tinder would not act, the doctor having cunningly wetted the piece which he produced for the purpose. "You really must go back to your cottage and get some tinder, but we will take care to remunerate you for your trouble." Thus encouraged the usher of the crystal chamber departed to his dwelling. As soon as his back was turned, dry tinder was found, the piston acted well, the candles were lighted, hammers were brought out, and as many stalactites as could be conveniently disposed of found their way into the pockets of the party. One waited outside as a scout. As soon as the old man was seen approaching the wax candles were again pocketed, the hammers followed their example, with the piston, and all the gentlemen united in obviating the guide on account of the time he had taken to go so short a distance. When his candles were lighted by his tinder and matches the ravages became evident,

but as he imagined the whole party to have been in the dark, whereas he was the only person in that predicament, he accused some unknown thieves of having obtained entrance by means of a false key, and reported to his lordship accordingly. Lord and servant are now with their forefathers, but I do not feel at liberty to give names.—*The Shores and Islands of the Mediterranean.*

It is said of Pennant, the English naturalist, that he "united in himself what few men, and still fewer naturalists, possess, namely an enlarged and elegant mind, stored with classic lore, and with extensive and varied reading. Whatever he touched he beautified, either by the elegance of his diction, the historic illustrations he introduced, or the popular charm he gave to things well known before. Dr. Johnson said of him, that he had greater variety of inquiry than almost any man, and has told us more than perhaps one in ten thousand could have done in the time he took."

**A GENTLEMAN "NOT WANTED" IN MORMON LAND.**—A company of Morimons recently arrived at Kanessville, Iowa, bringing the latest intelligence from Salt Lake, report the crop in the Valley, more especially wheat, to be very abundant and heavy this season. The health of the people was good and generally harmony prevailed. It appears that a Mr. Bateman, who had arrived a few days before, gave a very unpromising account of the condition of the Saints in the Valley, whereupon *The Frontier Guardian*, the organ of Orson Hyde at Kanessville, relieves itself in the following rather amusing style:

"Mr. Langley and his associates bring news of a cheering character; while Mr. B. brought nothing but *darkness, gloom, and dissatisfaction*. We can easily account for the difference. Mr. Bateman came here cut off from the Church for disturbing the peace and quietude of the Saints in the Valley, and for assuming the character and position of Elijah the Prophet. All the representations he could give was, like himself, of the darkest kind; everything there was out of order, in his estimation, and the Saints would not allow him to set matters right. No wonder! If we ever saw a fool and a liar embodied in one person, we are satisfied that we are not mistaken when we say that both appear very conspicuous in the personage of this would-be modern Elijah, *alias* the great Thomas Bateman, who, not many years ago, run through the streets of Kanessville, as crazy as a loon, with a red flag in his hand. The Saints should beware of this modern dignitary; he has been hurled from his standing in the Church of God, and now, like Lucifer, the Son of the Morning, he goes about accusing the brethren in the Valley, and seeking whom he may devour. Some say that he intends to visit Washington, and lay his grievances before the President; but we venture to say that he, like Bill Smith, is only laying a snare for others, into which he himself will ultimately fall."

#### THE LAST APPENDIX TO "YANKEE DOODLE."

YANKEE DOODLE sent to TOWN

His goods for exhibition;  
Everybody ran him down,  
And laugh'd at his position:  
They thought him all the world behind;  
A goney, muff, or noodle;  
Laugh on, good people—never mind—  
Says quiet Yankee Doodle.

Chorus—Yankee Doodle, &c.

Yankee Doodle had a craft,  
A rather tidy clipper,  
And he challenged, while they laughed,  
The Britishers to whip her.  
Their whole yacht-squadron she outsped,  
And that on their own water;  
Of all the lot she went a-head,  
And they came nowhere arter.

Chorus—Yankee Doodle, &c.

O'er Panamá there was a scheme  
Long talk'd of, to pursue a  
Short route—which many thought a dream—  
By Lake Nicaragua.  
John Bull discussed the plan on foot,  
With slow irresolution,  
While Yankee Doodle went and put  
It into execution.

Chorus—Yankee Doodle, &c.

A steamer of the Collins' line,  
A Yankee Doodle's notion,  
Has also quickest cut the brine  
Across the Atlantic Ocean.  
And British agents nowadays slow  
Her merits to discover,  
Have been and bought her—just to tow  
The Cunard packets over.

Chorus—Yankee Doodle, &c.

Your gunsmiths of their skill may crack,  
But that again don't mention;  
I guess that Colt's revolvers whack  
Their very first invention.  
By Yankee Doodle, too, you're beat  
Downright in Agriculture,  
With his machine for reaping wheat,  
Chawed up as by a vulture.

Chorus—Yankee Doodle, &c.

You also fancied, in your pride,  
Which truly is tarnation,  
Them British locks of yourn defied  
The rogues of all creation;  
But Chubbs' and Bramah's Hobbs has picked,  
And you must now be viewed all  
As having been completely licked  
By glorious Yankee Doodle.

Chorus—Yankee Doodle, &c.

—Punch.

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

HERMAN MELVILLE's forthcoming book is announced by the Harpers. Its title is simply "The Whale." It will be published in octavo.

PUTNAM will publish simultaneously with the London edition, by arrangement with Murray, Layard's forthcoming new work, "Fresh Discoveries in Nineveh."

J. S. REDFIELD announces for republication, Aytoun's Lays of the Cavaliers, and Bon Gaultier's Ballads.

Mr. BARTLETT, Cambridge, has in press the miscellaneous writings of Prof. Andrews Norton, in one volume 8vo.; also Stockhardt's *Agricultural Chemistry*, from the advanced sheets of the German edition, and to be published simultaneously. A seventh edition of this author's *Principles of Chemistry* has been published by Mr. Bartlett. In a letter to him, Dr. Stockhardt thus writes of the American reprint:—"The style in which you have got up my 'Principles of Chemistry' is worthy of the great land of freedom, whose adopted son you have made my work, and places the original quite in the shade. The translation, by Dr. Peirce, is likewise so faithful and correct, that any author would be highly gratified to find his thoughts and opinions rendered so perfectly in another language."

Of Law Books there are two continuations in press, to be ready for publication in a week or two—"Reports of Cases Argued and Determined in the English Courts of Chancery, with Notes and References to English and American Decisions, by John A. Dunlap, Counsellor at Law; Vol. XXVIII., containing Collier's Report, Vol. I.—Hilary Term, 1844, to Hilary Term, 1845;" and "Reports of Cases Argued and Determined in the English Courts of Chancery, with Notes and References to English and American Decisions, by E. Fitch Smith, Counsellor at Law; Vol. XXV., containing Hare's Chancery Reports, Vol. III.,

1843, 1844—6, 7, and 8 Victoria." Messrs. GOULD, BANKS & Co. are to be the publishers.

Early this month will be completed, by the publication of the 25th part, the *Iconographic Encyclopædia*, issued by Mr. Garrigue. Owing to a desire to increase and make permanent its value, the work has been enlarged in the amount of text 1200 pages over the promise in the prospectus. Anxious, however, to keep terms with his subscribers, this excess is offered to them by the publisher at the mere cost of production—*five dollars*; making the total cost of the entire work *thirty dollars*. In 4 vols. 8vo. and two vols. 4to., containing 3200 pages of text, 500 plates of 12,000 figures, and including 14 distinct text books, is found a condensed but copious library of human knowledge.

Notwithstanding the number of works on Homœopathic treatment of disease, published in England, we are, with Hull's *Jah's Homœopathic Manual*, in two enormous octavos, leading off the list of Herring's *Henipel's*, Boenninghausen's works; valuable editions of Hahnemann's various works, &c., still in the advance. Added to these is a new "Homœopathic Domestic Physician," containing explanations on Physiology, Hygiene, and Hydropathy, the treatment of diseases, and a *materia medica*, by Dr. Pulte, of Cincinnati; published this week by Messrs. A. S. Barnes and Co.

The firm of Hogan & Thompson, Philadelphia, was dissolved recently by the withdrawal of Mr. Ambrose W. Thompson. Messrs. James Hogan, Henry Perkins, Jacob H. Bechtel, and Samuel P. Griffiths have formed a new partnership for the purpose of conducting the publishing, bookselling, and stationery business, at No. 30 North Fourth street, under the firm of Hogan, Perkins & Co.

#### FOREIGN.

A CURIOUS literary imposition, not yet completely unravelled, has just been brought to light in London. A work was published at the close of the last year, by Bentley, "*Personal Adventures during the late War in Hungary, &c.*," by the Countess Von Beck." It was a spirited and graphic narrative of the secret services of Kosuth's friends among the peasantry, contained many adventurous deeds, hairbreadth escapes, and made the subject of the Hungarian struggle popularly appreciated. The book passed to a second edition and called forth graphic reviews in the *Examiner*, *Athenæum*, and other quarters. It now appears that the book was an utter manufacture, the personage pretending to be the Baroness Von Beck (and as such figuring among the philanthropic in England) turning out an illiterate Hungarian woman of low rank, who had acted at home as an inferior spy, and whose name was *Racidula*. She had of late appeared with a secretary at Birmingham, where she was receiving subscriptions for a new publication and had become the inmate of the house of a gentleman. Her manners and character were at variance with her alleged nobility; she was exposed by the Hungarians in London as among other characters a paid spy of the *English* foreign police, and arrested for examination. On her way to the court room she falls dead from a disease of the heart! The writer of the clever romance is now called for. For the personage herself, as an English narrator of the circumstances remarks, "truly were the realities of that life written, they might surpass in interest even the Baroness Von Beck's fictitious adventures."

This mysterious and tragic case has become more complicated by the publication of two letters—one from her secretary, Constant Derra, and another from Bentley, the eminent publisher—in which both contend that she was no impostor. A civil engineer, writing in the *Times*, states that he had several Hungarian nobles working as day-laborers on the railways in that

country, and that nineteen out of every twenty of the inhabitants are considered nobles. He considers it quite possible that the baroness may have been at one time in his employment!

Mr. Murray announces a new *Railway Library*, an offset to Longman's, with the title, "*Murray's Reading for the Rail*." The prospectus is tacked to a recent suggestive article on the subject in the *Times* and the first volume of the series is to be a Selection from the literary papers which have appeared in that journal, called "*Essays from the 'Times'*"—to be followed by *The Chase by Nimrod*, *Lord Mahon's Rebellion of '45*, *Bees and Flowers* (from the *Quarterly*), *Layard's Nineveh*, abridged by himself, a *Memoir of Theodore Hook*, &c. The volumes will vary in price from one shilling and upwards. Of the prospect of one of them an English letter writer thus gossips:—"The first to be issued in a volume of '*Essays from the 'Times'*,' being a selection of literary papers which have appeared in that journal—reprinted by permission." If these succeed they will be almost the first of their kind that have ever done so; for, however enduring the theme or painstaking and elaborate the treatment, there is something about newspaper contributions fatal to self-permanence. Witness the failure of *England under Seven Administrations*, the intellectual flower of the first of our journalists, one who is admitted on all hands as the worthy successor of him (De Foe) whose maxim for political writers so long formed the shibboleth of the *Examiner*, though it has been a false cry since the Whigs made a placeman of Fonblanque. If intrinsic interest of the subject and unequalled excellence in the handling could secure general circulation and favoritism to anything of the kind such a production would have been so favored; but it immediately passed to the limbo of old almanacs and superannuated tide-tables; and may be met with at a fraction of the original price in secondhand catalogues—in fact, a drug in the market, so called probably on the *lucus a non* principle, because nobody will swallow it. One will be curious to see whether this promised selection from the Thunderer's criticisms will be the fruit of one or of many pens. It is commonly understood that the principal reviews, like that to-day, for instance, on Wordsworth, have for sometime back been written by the author of *Caleb Stukeley*, formerly one of the crack hands of *Blackwood*, in which periodical that very remarkable tale originally appeared; but possibly this, like so many other of the 'well-known secrets' of Printing-house square, which every explorer of journalistic mares' nests is so constantly finding out, is like the recent Irish prelatial discovery in astronomy touching the diameter of the sun being only the circumference of a respectable tea-tray."

On a review of the books put out during the last six months in England, it will be seen that scarcely anything of note, nothing striking, no very important book has been produced by the London trade. The advertisements of Murray, Longman, &c. tell only of new editions, or reprints in the shilling Library form, and transient novelties. This may be called the Guide Book era there. The Great Exhibition may benefit thousands, but it evidently has not helped the publishers. The following is from a letter of a distinguished London publisher to a gentleman of this city:—"Your country has come out strong in England this year; and as it is a peculiar characteristic of John Bull to applaud loudly when a stranger beats him, he has had good fun at the *Times*, which unfairly decried the American part of the Exhibition. What with beating in a lot all our best yachts, picking our best locks, and reaping our fields without a reaping-hook, the States have had a fair revenge; and what is more than this, the *Times* even now admits it. For my own part I am glad of it, and so are the English People, for they are very prone to imagine

themselves the greatest people on the face of the earth. Our Exhibition, whatever it may do hereafter, has not improved trade. A large class no doubt is benefitted by such an enormous number of visitors, but generally speaking the last twelve months have proved the worst in the Book Trade for years, and whether there will be a reaction time alone will show."

Professor Wilson, "*Christopher North*," lately received a handsome compliment from the Premier, Lord John Russell, in a letter dated Holyrood, and intimating the bestowal of a pension from the literary fund of the Government of £300 per annum.

The French papers announce the publication of a volume containing an exact reproduction and critical history of all the ultra republican placards displayed upon the walls of Paris since February, 1848, under the title, "*Les Affiches Rouges*."

The Vienna journals state that Prince Metternich is engaged in writing a history of Austria, of the last fifty years—not to be published, however, until sixty years after his death.

The great Exhibition prize for the finest binding will be given to a Frenchman. Although in the style of full and half-bound morocco and other leathers, the French have only nearly equalled the massive beauty and finish of the English; in carvings in ivory, wood, ornament, and original and elegant designs they have, it is said, excelled all other competitors.

Commander Forbes, author of an interesting book on Dahomey, noticed in this paper, is about to start on another mission to the king Dahomey, in relation to the suppression of the slave trade in that part of Africa.

A tablet to the memory of Wordsworth has been erected in Grasmere church, in the Lake district. The design is beautiful. In spaces on either side are wrought, in chaste workmanship, the crocus and celandine, the snowdrop and the violet.

THE IMPERIAL PRINTING OFFICE AT VIENNA.—The passing beauty of the printing and paper of the Austrian public documents is well known to every traveller on the continent, and recently at the Great Exhibition in London, one saw with astonishment and admiration, "*The Lord's Prayer*, in twenty-six languages;" "*The Japanese novel*, engravings and all, in fac simile (translation of which appeared in Nos. 208-213 of this paper); specimens of printing in various languages, colors, and other productions of this imperial press. An almost complete set of the recent publications of this celebrated establishment has been presented by Aloys Auer, Esq., the Director in chief of it, to the American Ethnological Society, through the means of Mr. N. Trübner, of London, and Mr. David Davidson, of New York. The collection contains the *Lord's Prayer* in Polyglot; a *Pedigree of Languages*; *Treaties of Austria with the Porte*, in Turkish; specimens of *Galvanography*, *Lithography*, *Electrotype*, &c.; 34 *Petrifications*, printed; *Flowers*, printed in colors; more than 50 specimens of prints in colors, &c., &c. Mr. Trübner says: "Have the goodness to present these to the Society in grateful acknowledgment—on my friend, Mr. Auer's part, as well as on my own—of the distinguished services rendered by it to Science."

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